# THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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## MY KATHLEEN AWAY.

BY P. T. M'G.

Oh, home was so bright
When my Kathleen was here,
But now 'tis so lonesome,
So dismal and drear.
The sunshine around it
Has gloom in its ray—
But nothing is bright
Since my Kathleen's away.

The song of the lark
May be clear as of old,
And the linnet and robin
Enliven the wold;
And every gay songster
That warbles a lay,
But their song has no music
Since Kathleen's away.

The noise of the children
At play round the door,
The wilder their mirth
Only pleased me the more;
And I shared with delight
In their innocent play;
Now they're almost "a bore"
Since my Kathleen's away.

The garden that rang
With her laughter and song,
Is silent and lone
As the ruins of Cong.
Its flowers may be blooming
As fresh and as gay,
But their sweetness is lost
Since my Kathleen's away.

So on earth here below
Or in heaven above,
The soul of all pleasure
And beauty is love.
How dreary the night,
And how weary the day
When the dear one is absent—
My Kathleen's away.

## CATHOLICS WILL HELP.

The Bureau of Associated Charities at its annual meeting a few days ago, signalized the beginning of its second year of existence by accepting the co-operation of the St. Vincent de Paul society. This society, which has 100,000 membership and 5,000 conferences, twenty-five of the latter being in Chicago, is said to be the largest organization of its kind. Organized to assist the deserving poor, hitherto it has avoided active co-operation with charitable associations outside the Catholic church.

The meeting was held in the Palmer house. T. D. Hurley appeared for President R. C. Gannon of the St. Vincent de Paul society. He said that a recent convention of the society passed a resolution favoring co-operation in charities for the sake of the benefit that might come of it to the poor. Mr. Hurley said:

"Our membership consists of individuals each of whom is expected to care for individual families; to see that they do not suffer; to look after them in case of sickness and to aid in securing them employment. The society is so thoroughly organized that only the deserving receive attention. In addition to the twenty-five conferences now in the city, we expect to organize fifty more this winter. I am instructed to say that the St. Vincent de Paul society will gladly co-operate with the bureau of charities in providing for the unfortunates and assisting the deserving poor to help themselves."

The meeting unanimously accepted the proposition and Mr. Hurley and Frank W. Young were elected members of the new board of directors. The other members of the directory elected are:

Franklin MacVeagh, president; E. G. Keith, treasurer; ex-Congressman Geo. E. Adams, William T. Baker, Porter B. Fitzgerald, William A. Giles, Merritt Starr, Robert M. Orr, W. A. Vincent, Ferd. W. Peck, Elliott Durand, F. M. McKay, R. A. White, Mrs. James M. Flower, Mrs. John Cudahy, W. J. Bolger, the Rev. S. C. Edsall, Albion W. Small, Mrs. H. Solomon, Mrs. F. B. Tracy, I. R. Jeffers, Prof. Charles R. Henderson, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, L. J. Wolff, E. M. Ashcraft, Prof. Graham Taylor, N. B. Delamater, Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Mrs. E. H. Keen and Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson.

After the meeting was called to order by Chairman Franklin MacVeagh, reports were received from the ten district offices now established. With hardly an exception these reports showed that a large amount of work had been done toward relieving the suffering of the deserving poor. Many of the reports referred to success in the establishment of workrooms, potato patches and other sorts of relief work which enabled the beneficiaries to help themselves.

The reports showed that during the last winter each district provided a relief corps of several hundred willing workers, who supplemented and co-operated with the work of the police. Large sums were distributed in this way. Workrooms were established in each district, affording assistance and employment to thousands. The Northwest district assisted 2,430 families. The Englewood district assisted 3,330 families, established a forty-acre potato patch, which was subdivided into quarter acres and used by 149 families, or 908 individuals. One hundred and thirty-three families have asked for ground next year, and have offered to do their own ploughing and furnish their own seed.

Following are the statistics of the bureau for the last year:

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|---|---|
| New cases during the year (families and individuals) | 11,761 |
| Recurrent cases during the yer | 3,552 |
| Registered cases from other societies | 4,653 |
| Total number of cases on file | 31,253 |
| Employment secured— | |
| Permanent | 425 |
| Temporary | 1,536 |
| Medical aid secured— | |
| Hospitals and dispensaries | 199 |
| Physicians and nurses | 329 |
| Material aid secured— | |
| Food, clothing, shoes | 2,130 |
| Transportation | 473 |
| Rent, burial or cash | 812 |
| Loans | 101 |
| Referred to churches for complete care | 219 |
| Special aid received from benevolent individuals | 629 |
| Correctional help— | |
| Warning | 36 |
| Humane society | 18 |
| Other prosecutions | 45 |
| Not found at address | 338 |
| Total | 7,343 |

The life of the new penny saving institution was reviewed by R. A. White, who stated that after four months of existence it had gained nearly 17,000 depositors. Twenty-eight stations for the sale of stamps had been established in Chicago and one in Minneapolis. The speaker deplored the attitude of the school board in refusing to countenance the introduction of the system in the schools.

Treasurer Keith's report showed receipts, $13,816.63; disbursements, $10,816.01; balance, $3,000.63.

## CATHOLIC WOMEN'S CHARITY BALL.

Active preparations are now giving much promise of success for the Charity Ball to be held at the Auditorium Tuesday evening, Nov. 30. Mrs. J. C. Robinson, President of the Catholic Woman's National League, who is also acting as chairman of the associated committees of the ball, has called upon the committees for daily meetings.

Judging by the enthusiastic interest displayed by the league itself, the ball promises to be even more successful than the ones of previous years. At a meeting of the box committee, held Tuesday afternoon in Handel Hall, it was decided that the sale of boxes, to take place next week, will be held at the auditorium. Mrs. Austin J. Doyle will superintend the auctioneering. A meeting of all committees was held at the Auditorium Hotel Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, when all plans were reported and discussed. The league this year will divide the profits of the ball with the Public School Children's Aid Society, the Home for Aged Hebrews, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Epheta Society, and the St. Vincent de Paul's Society. The division of receipts will be made in spite of the fact that the league could easily invest all the money derived for the support of its own philanthropic undertakings. Each year since the league began its plan of annual charity balls, the funds netted by the different charities of Chicago have increased in amount.

## THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Under auspices that indicate success for the coming season, with a musical programme of high standard, and with a most instructive and interesting debate on the timely topic of "Civil Service," the opening meeting of the Lyceum was held on Thursday evening, Oct. 28, in America hall, 77 Thirty-first street. For an initial meeting it was a decided success. As usual the ladies were in the majority. The vacation taken by the Lyceum during the summer seems to have had its good effects, for all returned brimful of determination to participate more actively in future in the interest of the Lyceum, and bubbling over with good nature, while the young ladies looked fresh and blooming.

Miss Kate Keating gave the first number on the musical programme, and acquitted herself most admirably in a piano solo, which was heartily applauded. Mr. Henry Ed. Nothomb delivered an excellent address on "The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots." Mr. Nothomb is gifted with much ability and a good voice. Miss Katie Ansbro, a charming young elocutionist from the North side, gave a recitation which demonstrated her complete mastery of her number. Miss Ansbro is most popularly and favorably known in North Division circles, a fact equally attributable to her pleasant manner and kindly ways as to her fine talents as a musician and elocutionist. Mis Mamie Denser gave the audience a rare treat in a "Sleigh-bell Piano Solo." Miss Denser's innovation in having several little bells go "ting-ling-a ling" on her hands as she played, was a performance unusual and excellent, and was most cordially received. Miss Kate O'Connell sang "Under the Daisies" in a most charming manner, and received the hearty praise of her listeners. She is gifted with a very sweet voice which has been well cultivated. A mandolin solo by Miss Centennial Gamble, was one of the features of the evening. As an encore she gave a recitation of her own composition. Miss Tod Monahan gave a well received vocal selection.

The debate on "Is Civil Service as Exemplified in our National and Municipal Government a Success?" was most interesting, and was well argued. Mr. John A. McKeown upheld the affirmative side, and in a clear, logical way put forward many arguments, which were sound and reasonable, in favor of his side. He cited many illustrations testifying to the merits of the Civil Service system since its introduction and evolution in this country. Mr. John P. McGoorty followed, defending the opposite side. As a debater and orator Mr. McGoorty's name is a familiar and highly prominent one, and on this occasion he certainly seemed to forge ahead and make very favorable impressions on the minds of his listeners. Messrs. P. B. Flanagan and Hugh O'Neill were also present and delivered short talks in a general way on the subject. After the debate, Vice-President John J. Sherlock called for a standing vote on the question, which resulted in showing that the majority of those present favored the negative side, and declared "Civil Service" a failure in the instances covered by the question of debate.

The next regular meeting of the Lyceum will be held in America hall, 77 Thirty-first street, on a date in November to be hereafter mentioned. At this meeting the annual election of officers will take place, as well as a discussion of many important points directly concerning the future of the Lyceum. All members are requested to attend, and give the benefit of their ideas and suggestions. Those desirous of being placed on the musical or literary programme should apply at once to T. J. Sherlock, secretary, 193 Dearborn avenue, who will make arrangements for their accommodation.

J. J. S.

## A SWORD CONTEST.

St. John's Bazaar is to have a contest for a sword between Major G. J. Carroll, of the Seventh regiment, and Major J. J. O'Reilly, of the Clan-na-Gael Guards.

Mr. Carroll has been major in the Seventh regiment since it became a part of the Illinois National Guard, in 1893. Previous to that date the regiment was a private military organization, known as the Hibernian Rifles. Mr. Carroll was a captain in the Hibernian Rifles for ten years. He is popular with the officers and privates of the regiment and will receive in this contest their undivided support. He is at present in the employ of Armour & Co. and resides at 3316 Archer avenue.

Mr. O'Reilly was elected to the office of major of the Guards two years ago. He was the successor of Mr. Lawrence Buckley. Previous to the absorption of the Hibernian Rifles in the National Guard, he was captain of Company C in that body, while Mr. Carroll commanded Company B. Mr. O'Reilly enjoys the confidence and good will of all the Guards and has multitudes of friends outside that body. He is closely associated with all the Irish societies of Chicago and is prominent in every movement calculated to promote the interests of the Irish people.

The Clan-na-Gael Guards is the strongest private military organization in the west. It numbers at present about five hundred men. It was established in 1873, and consists of two battalions and six companies.

The voting in the contest will begin on Tuesday evening, Nov. 16, and will close Monday evening, Nov. 22, at 11 o'clock. That will be the last night of the bazaar. The whole evening will be devoted exclusively to the contest. A special programme will be arranged. The votes will be 10 cents each, and the last thirty minutes will be secret voting. The proceeds will go towards repairing and improving St. John's church, 181 South Clark street. The bazaar will be held in Freiberg Opera House, 18th and Twenty-second streets, near Wabash avenue.

The sword which will be presented to the one receiving the most votes will be a valuable one and entirely worthy of the occasion.

## Div. 8, A. O. H.

This evening (Nov. 6), the members of Div. 8 will hold their fourth grand ball in North Side Turner hall, and if indications go for anything the event will be a grand success from every standpoint. Chairman Doyle says he has never been assisted by a more capable or willing committee, and President O'Sullivan expects the ball will eclipse all its predecessors, notwithstanding the great successes of the past. Brothers from all divisions are most cordially invited to attend, and no effort will be spared to provide a time of pleasure and enjoyment for everybody. North Side Turner hall is on North Clark street, just north of Chicago avenue. Hope to meet you there, kind reader.

J. J. S.

IN the present East Indian war, the "rebels" seem to be the Afridis and the English the Afraidis.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

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## A MESSAGE.

BY VERE V. HUNT.

Ocean waves sing to the caves,
Sing the song of the sea,
Rolling on, wondrous song,
Laden with melody,
Song of the eternal life,
Song calming a tired world's strife,
Grand song of the sea.

Kiss the shores of my boyhood's home,
Kiss it waves of the sea,
Tell it that I thither will fly
When death sets me free.
Free as your storm-tossed foam,
Free over the world to roam,
Free, free as the sea.

The verdant woods of my Emerald Isle
Once more I shall see,
The cherished spot I never forgot
Mine ever shall be,
Sing this in the caves
That your billow laves,
Sing it majestic sea.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. MORTIMER FLANIGAN.

Mr. Mortimer Flanigan died on Friday, Oct. 22, at his home, No. 3031 Fifth avenue, after a few days' illness. Rheumatism had troubled him slightly for some time, but heart trouble finally caused his death. He was born in Ireland fifty-six years ago, but came to America when very young. He was a resident of Chicago for the past forty-five years. Mr. Flanigan was at one time interested in a brass molding foundry in this city, and was well-to-do, but business depression had affected him so that he had had no financial interest in any business for several years. The funeral took place on Sunday, Oct. 24, from his residence to St. James' church, thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. Mrs. Flanigan died nineteen years ago, and the children surviving them are James, George, Ellen, Mrs. Kittie Kelly and Mrs. Joseph Crawford. Mr. Timothy Flanigan, a brother of the deceased, is a resident of this city.

## EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

### The Unhappy King Went to His Death Bravely.

In the November Century there is a graphic article on "The Last Days of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette." The author, Miss Anna L. Bicknell, says:

It was a dark, misty January morning. The presence of the two soldiers precluded the possibility of conversation; the priest therefore handed his breviary to the king, and pointed out appropriate psalms, which the king read devoutly and with perfect calmness, to the evident astonishment of the gendarmes. The shops were shut along the way, and crowds of armed citizens stood on the pavement as the coach, preceded and followed by cavalry and artillery, went slowly through the streets, where all the windows were closed. Lines of troops stood on each side, while drums beat solemnly, as if for a military funeral. As the coach passed along the boulevards near the Porte St. Denis, a few young men rushed forward, waving swords and crying loudly: "Come, all who would save the King!" There was no response, and they were obliged to flee for their own lives. They were pursued, and several were arrested, with fatal consequences. The king, absorbed in prayer and religious meditation, had not even perceived the vain attempt to effect his deliverance.

The coach had at last reached the Rue Royale and the Place de la Revolution, where the crowd was immense. The scaffold stood a little to the left of the Place, where the obelisk now stands, but nearer the Champs-Elysees, toward which the guillotine was turned. A mass of troops formed a square around the fatal spot. The coach stopped at a distance of a few paces. The king, feeling that the motion had ceased, looked up from his prayerbook, saying quietly: "We have reached the place, I think." One of the executioner's assistants opened the door. The king earnestly commended the priest, who accompanied him to the care of the gendarmes, and then stepped from the coach. Three men surrounded him and tried to take off his coat. He calmly pushed them back and removed it himself, opening his shirt-collar and preparing his neck for the ax. The executioners, who seemed at first disconcerted and almost awed, then again came around him, holding a rope.

The king drew back quickly, exclaiming: "What do you want to do?" "To tie your hands." The king exclaimed indignantly: "Tie my hands! No, I will not submit to this. Do your duty, but do not attempt to tie me; you shall not do it!" The executioners persisted, and spoke loudly. The king looked toward the Abbe Edgeworth, who at once saw the impossibility of resistance, and said gently: "Sire, this last insult will only provide a fresh point of resemblance between your majesty and the God who will be your recompense." The king looked up to heaven. "Assuredly, his example alone could induce me to submit to such an indignity." Then holding out his hands: "Do as you please; I will drink the cup to the dregs." His hands were tied, and with the assistance of his confessor he ascended the steps of the scaffold, which were very steep. When he reached the top he broke away from the Abbe, walked firmly across the scaffold, silenced the drums by a glance of authority, and then in a voice so loud that it was audible on the opposite side of the Place de la Revolution, he uttered these words: "I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me. I forgive those who have caused my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never fall on France."

There was a shudder that ran through the crowd like a great wave, but at the word of command the drums beat a prolonged roll, and the voice could no longer be heard. The king, seeing that all further address to the crowd would be fruitless, turned to the guillotine and calmly took his place on the fatal plank, to which he was fastened. The apparatus turned over, and the ax fell. It was then a quarter past 10 o'clock a. m. of Jan. 21, 1793. The executioner held up the severed head, turning as he did so to the four sides of the Place. The King of France was dead. "Le roi est mort!" But no one dared to cry the traditional response: "Vive le roi!"

"Le roi!" The heir to the once glorious title was now a poor little child weeping bitterly in a prison by the side of his widowed mother.

## ILLINOIS IN THE LEAD.

Illinois will be strongly in evidence at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha next year, its desire to participate having been substantially shown by an act of the last general assembly appropriating $45,000 for a building and exhibit of the state's products and resources. A board of state commissioners, known as the Illinois Trans-Mississippi and International Commission was likewise recommended by the legislature, and the governor empowered to appoint.

Inspired by social as well as important commercial ties, Illinois, as one of the great agricultural producing and manufacturing states in the Trans-Mississippi region, was one of the first to extend hearty encouragement and financial aid in behalf of an enterprise brilliant in its undertaking, grand in its completeness and surroundings and destined to mark in a marvelous degree a new era of commerce, industry and agriculture in the trans-Mississippi region.

Prolific in manufactured products of all kinds, building materials, food and clothing, as also in coal and lead, sandstone, granite and other valuable building stone, the Illinois exhibit promises to be a very extensive one. The Illinois commissioners profited by the lessons of the World's Fair, and they have undertaken the work of preparing a state exhibit with a foreknowledge born of experience—in short, they are adepts at the exposition business

The site for the Illinois State building, chosen during a late trip by the Commission to Omaha, is admirably adapted for the intended representative exhibit. The plat of ground is 300 feet wide and 250 feet long, situated on the bluff tract overlooking the broad valley of the Missouri. At the base the river sweeps gracefully along, lending a charming scenic effect to the rugged bluffs on the Iowa side. The Northwestern road on the one side and trolley lines on the other run within a stone's throw of the site of the Illinois building. The location was made with a view to sightliness and accessibility.

The building contemplated by the State Commission will cost about $20,000, the remainder of the appropriation $25,000, being devoted to exhibits. The classic order of architecture will be beautifully revealed in the design of the building, and the interior studied for convenience as well as beauty and effect. A spacious auditorium will be arranged for state and official ceremonies, banquets, balls and receptions. Suitable apartments will be provided for use of the officials and committees. A large fountain in the centre of the grand court of the building will radiate with wondrous beauty a thousand prismatic colors from its spray, heightened in effect by the odor of perfumed flowers. The space outside the building will be adorned with pretty little parks of shrubbery and flowers, with gravel walks, settees and shade, where the visitor can seek comfort and rest at times. Directly to the south, across a narrow ravine, to be made an attractive feature, the Nebraska building is now in progress of erection. As this will be the Mecca of thousands, the site of the Illinois building will be commanding. Landscape effects of rare beauty have been planned for this part of the grounds. Work on the building will begin as soon as the architect's plans are prepared.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

## Fast Trains are Safest.

George Ethelbert Walsh contributes an article on "Running the Fast Express" to November St. Nicholas. Mr. Walsh says:

When the Empire State Express, or the Congressional Limited, rushes across the country at the rate of seventy miles an hour, making mile-posts and trees skip by in fantastic disorder, the mind of many a passenger is troubled by a question that continually arises at every sharp sway or jolt of the cars: "Is there not danger in such rapid traveling?"

In his seat forward the engineer would reply grimly to this question with a negative shake of the head, and the general superintendent of the road, or the train-despatcher in his office at headquarters, would second this answer with a more emphatic "No."

But why? According to all the mathematical rules we learned at school and college, the faster a moving body swings along a certain course, the more difficult it is to swerve it from its path, and the more terrible is the collision if it should strike an obstacle.

Why, then, is not rapid running more dangerous than slow? "Because the engines used for this service are larger, better equipped, and better cared for than any others," the engineer would reply. "They are provided with every modern device to prevent accident; and though they fairly fly along the track, they are never beyond our immediate control. And then—we're more wide awake and alert for danger."

"The danger is less for the reason that everybody along the line is looking out for the rapid fliers," would say the train despatcher. "They have the right of way, and we always clear the tracks for the expresses. They are special favorites, and we give extra careful attention to them."

## PLEASANT WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

In celebrating the tenth anniversary of their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joyce entertained a large number of friends at their home, No. 5612 Throop street, Saturday evening, Oct. 23. After partaking of a sumptuous repast they were all ushered into a large room, where they enjoyed themselves dancing to the merry strains of Prof. Haspin's music. Among those present were Mesdames Julia Varley, P. J. Joyce, Robert Forest, Joseph Curtis, Patrick McHugh; Misses Brennan, Gillen, Kelly, Margaret Varley, Mary Joyce, Bridget Joyce, Mary Walsh, Julia McHugh, Mamie McHugh, Tena Gerhold, Annie McNulty, Annie Kelly; Messrs. William Jennings, Daniel McCann, John McGlynn, Charles Larkinson, Thos. Lally, Michael Brady, William Goode, William Hart, Stephen Varley, Patrick J. Joyce, Thomas McGlynn, John Walsh, Edgar Stanton, Thomas Walsh, Henry Patno and M. McNamara. After congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Joyce on their ten years of success and happiness, the guests all departed for home at an early hour in the morning.

## Carter's Monthly Magazine.

Many have been the attempts to establish in this city a magazine which might take rank with those great successes of the East. Hitherto none has been fortunate, for although one or two have managed to exist through some months, each has finally been overtaken by disaster. It is, however, very doubtful if any monthly was yet started under such favorable auspices as the one which, with its November issue, starts out as a Chicago enterprise. The name of Opie Read is one to conjure with, and associated with him in the editorship are John McGovern and Charles Ffrench, while among other contributors, who are well known in this city is William L. Vischer, the poet Ernest McGaffey and Richard Linthicum, editor of the Sunday Times-Herald.

In addition to a short illustrated tale, "The Story of a Song," Opie Read has three sketches in his own inimitable manner, which he aptly styles "Glimpses." John McGovern gives some interesting reminiscences in his "Thirty Years in Chicago," in which that excellent writer, bookmaker and book lover is at his best. Mr. Ffrench has several sketches and portraits of "Noted Western Men," an interesting feature which is to be a permanent one. Blanche Estelle Newton, Carter's special correspondent to the gold fields, writes on "Alaska and the Klondyke." Altogether, with 148 pages of reading in addition to the advertising, whosoever is not satisfied with a ten cent investment must be difficult to please. Of course there is room for improvement, more particularly in the arrangement of the articles. Then more space should be devoted to local topics and the fact that the magazine was born in Kansas ought not to be so closely in evidence. The work of local men, bright and timely articles, illustrations which cannot be surpassed, these are the essentials of success, and this is what is promised in the Christmas issue of Carter's Monthly. For a first issue the magazine makes a very excellent showing, and we wish the enterprise an abundant success.

It is Better to take Hood's Sarsaparilla than to experiment with unknown and untried preparations. We know Hood's Sarsaparilla actually and permanently cures.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

**Something Interesting to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

**An Old Nurse for Children.**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

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## THOSE SEALS AGAIN.

### United States, Russia and Japan to Sign a Treaty About Them This Week.

### IMPORTANT FACT NOT ANNOUNCED

**What Does the Treaty Provide in Case John Bull Declines to Absolutely Prohibit Pelagic Sealing?—A Hint of Retaliation Against Canada and a Complaint That Her Expert Has Not Appeared—Possible Objection to Diplomat Hamlin.**

Washington, Nov. 2.—It is expected that a treaty or convention between the United States, Russia and Japan will be formally signed and executed at the state department during the present week, carrying out the proposition before the Behring sea conference for a suspension of pelagic sealing. The present understanding is that the signing of this document will occur within the next few days. It will represent the completed efforts of the conference and with the signing concluded the conference will adjourn. The terms of the treaty or convention will follow the lines of the proposition considered by the conference and referred with favorable recommendation to the authorities at St. Petersburg and Tokio. The essential feature of the treaty or convention is for the suspension of pelagic sealing for such a period as will permit the seal herds to revive. The period of this suspension is not disclosed.

#### Canada Stands in the Way.

The attitude which Great Britain will assume toward the proposition and the treaty which is to take its place is awaited with much interest. Thus far the British authorities have not been informed as to what the conference proposes doing. At the same time the British expert, Professor Darcy Thompson, has had several long talks with Foster and Hamlin, and these have been of such a satisfactory nature that it was believed an amicable understanding would be reached by all parties concerned if Canada showed a disposition to assent to the agreement. But Canada still stands in the way, and the continued absence of the Canadian expert, Macoun, is regarded in the light of a diplomatic discourtesy, not only to the United States but also to the British government. The foreign office named him with Professor Thompson as an expert to come to Washington.

#### May Object to Hamlin's Presence.

Professor Thompson came at once, but Macoun has remained away. The Ottawa government has sent no explanation of this action, and apparently is oblivious to all inquiries. It is thought the presence of Hamlin as the American expert in the British-American meeting may be the cause of Canada's inaction. Lord Salisbury specifically stated in accepting the proposition for a meeting that it was to be one between "experts." To this end the British expert Thompson and the Canadian expert Macoun were named, it being expected that the United States would name as its expert Professor Jordan. Hamlin was named, however, and it is understood that this is viewed rather in the light of naming a counselor, or diplomat, as the United States representative, rather than an expert.

#### Question of Annihilating the Seals.

No mention is made in the convention of the killing of seals in case Great Britain and Canada do not co-operate. It is pointed out that Russia and Japan could not adopt retaliatory steps against Canada, as they have no border interests with her. Any action against Canada, therefore, must be taken by the United States alone. The plan of killing of the seals has been embodied in the bill before congress, but it has not come before the conference as a step now to be taken by the allied powers. Foster gave a reception yesterday to the Russian, Japanese and British delegates and experts. Professor Thompson was present, but the British embassy officials were not represented owing to the month of mourning imposed by the death of the Duchess of Teck.

## MILLIONS INVOLVED IN A SALE.

**Union Pacific Bid in by Interested Parties for Its Government Debt.**

Omaha, Nov. 2.—The Union Pacific road proper, including the buildings and all that goes to operate the system, was yesterday morning sold to the reorganization committee for the sum of $53,528,532.76. This amount does not include the sinking fund in the hands of the government, and taking this to be $4,036,400, the amount stated in the government decree covering the sale of the road, the total paid for the property was $57,564,932.76. There were no other bidders, and the road went to the reorganization committee without any opposition.

The sale of the road was in itself one of the most tame and uninteresting performances possible to imagine. It was advertised to take place in front of the Union Pacific freight house at the junction of Ninth and Jones streets at 11 o'clock, and it was just one minute after that time when Master in Chancery Cornish, who was to act as auctioneer, took his place on the low stone step in front of the Ninth street entrance to begin the sale.

#### Will Hold to the Temple.

Buffalo, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Carse's report on the W. C. T. U. Temple at Chicago was the feature of the W. C. T. U. proceedings yesterday. The report was strongly in favor of retaining a controlling interest in that property. After considerable debate and a number of motions one to adopt the report was carried easily. Miss Willard said her plan was to go to some rich people who had been friendly with her and ask them to help her. A resolution was than adopted to support the effort to "save the temple."

#### Narrowly Escaped an Awful Death.

Houghton, Mich., Nov. 2.—Fire broke out in the Central mine yesterday afternoon. The miners ascended to the surface at once. Later it was discovered that Frank Stanton, agent of the mine, with his father, John Stanton, of New York, secretary of the company, and William A. Payne, of Boston, were still in the mine. A relief party descended and by almost superhuman efforts rescued the imprisoned men, who were well nigh exhausted.

## THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Fire in the business section of Warren, Mass., did $75,000 damage. The town hall was partially burned and several blocks destroyed.

"Jack" Cannon, a 63-year-old convict who escaped from the Michigan state prison, was captured about ten miles from Jackson, Mich.

George Peacock, the grave digger at Gillingham, near Chatham, Eng., has just died, aged 75. He had held the position for thirty-seven years, and during that period had buried over 12,000 persons.

While temporarily insane Deputy Sheriff Charles C. Brink committed suicide at the Central House, Evansville, Ind., by cutting his throat.

Blue Jacket, chief of the Shawnees, and a historic character, is dead at Wichita, Kan.

Rev. George P. Mitchell of Ovid, Mich., missed the last train from the summit of Pike's Peak and was forced to walk back through a blinding snowstorm.

Benjamin Hartman of Muscatine, Ia., was killed at Abingdon, Ills., by a freight train.

On the floor of a private dining room in a Minneapolis restaurant a waiter found a $100 bill one night. The next day the proprietor of the place was called to the long-distance telephone and a man told him of having lost a $100 bill. The waiter who found the money identified the man by his voice.

Judge Gray, while officiating at a marriage ceremony at Bowling Green, Ky., was so flustered by the beauty of the bride that he asked her if she would "solemnly promise to love, support, and protect this man."

Henry Shindler of Leavenworth has been elected national commander of the Army and Navy Union of the United States.

The strike of the bakers has become general in Madrid and it is difficult to procure bread. Soldiers are being used as bakers.

Mary Warner got a verdict against the city of Milwaukee for $1,200. She fell upon a slippery sidewalk last Christmas and sustained a broken leg.

C. H. J. Taylor, who was recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia under President Cleveland's administration, has been elected dean of the Morris-Brown college, a negro institution in Atlanta, Ga.

## YANTIC WILL GO TO DETROIT.

**Governor Pingree Tried to Bluff but It Did Not Work.**

Detroit, Nov. 1.—Governor Pingree received a telegram from Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, in reply to his telegram to the effect that the state of Michigan would accept the United States steamer Yantic until she was repaired, and unless the government would assume responsibility for damages to the Canadian steamer Canadienne, caused by her collision with the Yantic last Friday.

Mr. Roosevelt wired: "Yantic is practically uninjured. If not receipted for at once she will go to Boston. Others want her. The navy department has already spent more money on her than it ought to have done."

Governor Pingree referred the telegram to Commander Wilkes of the naval reserve. Mr. Wilkes said later that Lieutenant Hodges was in Montreal and would receipt for the Yantic and that the vessel would come to Detroit at once.

## THE MARKETS.

#### Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Nov. 1.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 96¾c, closed 96¼c; January, opened 95¼c, closed 95⅜c; May, opened 94½c, closed 93½c. Corn—December, opened and closed 26⅜c; May, opened and closed 30⅜c. Oats—December, opened 19¼c, closed 19⅛c; May, opened and closed 21⅞c. Pork—December, opened $7.45, closed $7.65; January, opened $8.47½, closed $8.60. Lard—December, opened $4.15, closed $4.20; January, $4.30, closed $4.32½c.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 15½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 6½c; spring chickens, 7½c; ducks, 7½@8c. Potatoes—Northwestern, 35@50c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, $3.25@3.60 per bbl.

#### Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 1.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 40,000; sales ranged at $2.60@3.65 for pigs, $3.30@3.70 light, $3.20@3.30 for rough packing, $3.40@3.70 for mixed and $3.35@3.70 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,500; quotations ranged at $5.05@5.40 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.00 good to choice do., $4.40@4.80 fair to good, $3.90@4.40 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $2.90@3.30 stockers, $3.70@4.50 feeders, $2.00@4.00 cows, $2.60@4.60 heifers, $2.25@4.25 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.90@3.90 Texas steers, $3.30@4.50 western rangers, and $3.50@6.75 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—quotations ranged at $3.00@4.25 westerns, $2.75@4.40 natives, and $4.00@5.80 lambs.

#### East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 1.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—Receipts, 200 cars on sale; market steady for best steers, fair to medium and butchers' grades slow and 10c lower; best steers, $4.80@5.10; good do., $4.60@4.75; light to medium 1,250-lb, $4.10@4.50; light to good heifers, $3.15@4.30; old to good fat cows, $2.00@3.85; stockers steady to easy, $3.25@3.85; good to prime feeders, $3.75@4.10; fresh cows slow and easier; veals, $5.25@6.75. Hogs—Receipts, 160 cars; market fairly active but lower; Yorkers, $3.75; mixed, $3.75; mediums, $3.75@3.80; mostly, $3.75; heavy, $3.70@3.75; pigs, $3.80@3.85. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 90 cars; market lower for lambs; sheep barely steady; top prime lambs, $5.40@5.50; bulk sales good $5.15@5.35; culls to fair, $4.25@5.00; top mixed sheep, $4.25@4.40; culls to good, $3.00@4.15; wethers and yearlings, $4.50@4.75.

#### St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, Nov. 1.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator, 90¾c; track, 93¼c@$1.00; No. 2 hard cash, 90c; December, $1.00⅜; May, 98c. Corn—Lower; No. 2 cash, 24¾c; December, 24⅜c; May, 27⅞c. Oats—tracketao etaoi etaoi etaoi etaoinaoinn Firm; No. 2 cash elevator, 18½c bid; track, 19¾@20c; white, 21¼@22c; May, 21⅞@22c. Rye—Lower; 46½c.

#### Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Nov. 1.

Wheat—Lower; No. 1 northern, 94c; No. 2 spring, 87½c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 27c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 22@22⅜c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 48¼@48½c.

#### Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Nov. 1.

Wheat—Cash white, 95¾c; cash red, 96¼c; December, 97¼c; May, 98c. Corn—Cash, 26c. Oats—White, 22¼c.

## TALK AND LITTLE ELSE

### General Blanco's Addresses Not Well Received.

### HE IS SILENT AS TO AUTONOMY.

**Desires to Suppress the Rebellion but Promises Nothing in Return—The Venerable President of the Autonomist Party Pleads for a More Humane Policy on the Island, but Blanco Says He Intends to Meet War with War.**

Havana, Nov. 1.—On the arrival of General Blanco, the new captain general, the streets and the vessels in the harbors were generally decorated. The wharves were crowded with people and the troops and volunteers lined thoroughfares from the landing stage to the palace. When Marshal Blanco arrived at the palace he was met by the civil and military authorities and by commissioners representing the various political parties, and then proceeded to the hall of conferences, where, in accordance with the ritual and ceremonies customary on such occasions, he took the oath of fidelity to Spain.

#### He Begins with Talk.

Marshal Blanco has issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants of Cuba:

"I am again among you with good will and a sincere desire to serve the general welfare and to establish a lasting peace. I shall follow a broad policy in my endeavor to restore fraternity among all of Cuba's inhabitants. I am sincere in my intention to inaugurate a new government policy, the object of which will be to secure and preserve peace. I hope you will all salute and embrace the Spanish flag, throwing aside all party prejudices and discarding alliances with those who are staining the country with blood. Clemency awaits all who observe the laws, but, however regretable it may be, I shall rigorously fight those who obstinately or ungratefully continue to carry on war."

#### An Address to the Soldiers.

The following proclamation has been issued by Marshal Blanco to the armed forces of the island:

"I desire to express my admiration for you, who, in two years of hard campaign, have always bravely fought the infamous revolution. This I soon expect to suppress through your heroic efforts and with the concurrence of the whole country, which will unhesitatingly side with us to fight the victims of hallucination, who aspire only to what must bring their complete destruction, to which all offers, as the only compensation, treason to the history of their race or the sale of their country to the foreigner. Let there be war, therefore, on the stubborn enemies of the Spanish people and protection for those who seek the clemency of Spain; and let this war, which dishonors us and is making us penniless, end forever."

#### No Reference to Autonomy.

There is no reference to autonomy in either proclamation and both have produced a bad effect among all sympathizers with the insurrection. Marshal Blanco, when formally assuming his new functions at the palace, said to the deputations of the Conservative, Autonomists and Reformist parties, that in order to obtain peace through the new policy it would be necessary for all political parties to unite. To the military deputations he said that he would answer war by war, repeating the substance of his proclamation in that respect. He made no overtures of autonomy, nor did he express any reference for any of the Cuban political parties.

#### A Pointer to Blanco.

Senor Galves, the aged and highly-esteemed president of the Autonomist party, when addressing Marshal Blanco on behalf of the Autonomist deputation, said it was "necessary to affirm Spanish dominion and the rule of the Spanish monarchy in Cuba through autonomy." He said: "Not on behalf of the Autonomist party, but on behalf of the island, we ask for autonomy, and we offer the services of the Autonomist party to help in bringing the revolt to an end. It is highly necessary to change the existing state of misery and horror for one of peace and prosperity."

## TRIBESMEN EVIDENTLY COWED.

**British Capture Arhanga Pass in a Few Hours with Only a Trifling Loss.**

Simla, Nov. 1.—According to a dispatch from Karappa the expected advance to Arhanga pass was made. General Westmacott seized the villages covering the line of advance, and the artillery, brought into action at 8:30 a. m., soon expelled the tribesmen from the Sangars. Only slight opposition was encountered. The crest was reached and the pass captured by General Westmacott at 10:30 a. m. The British sustained only a trifling loss. Captain Searle of the Sikhs was slightly wounded. The mullah of Saidakbar has fled to Jelalabad, and Sir William Lockhart is now descending into the Afridi Tirah.

The Ameer of Afghanistan received a deputation of the Afridis and Orakzais at Cabul, his capital, on the 17th of October. In notifying the British agent at Cabul of the fact he wrote that the tribesmen were "full of alarm and repentence," and had asked him to submit their apology to the British government and to ascertain the conditions of pardon.

#### One Dead, the Other Dying.

Chicago, Nov. 1.—Fritz Sigren, who shot and seriously injured Mary Schmalz at her home, 255 Dayton street, died from the effects of the bullet wounds which he inflicted upon himself after the attempted murder, at the German hospital. The shooting was the result of jealousy. Sigren, who was 50 years of age, was said to have had a wife and several children living in St. Louis. The physicians at the German hospital express but slight hopes of the Schmalz woman's recovery.

#### President at Canton.

Cleveland, Nov. 1.—President McKinley and Mrs. McKinley arrived in town and were immediately driven to Glenmere, Senator Hanna's summer home. His arrival was unostentatious. Senator Hanna having forgotten to register was obliged to cancel his Alliance engagement and remain in Cleveland in order to be at the polls at 3 p. m. President McKinley and Senator Hanna left for Canton at 4 o'clock.

## UNION PACIFIC SOLD.

### Reorganization Committee Bids in the Property.

### THE BONDS BROUGHT ONE-THIRD.

**The Price Paid Is a Little Over Fifty-Three and a Half Millions—The Auctioneer Will Get the Largest Fee Ever Paid—The Idea of Uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean by Rail Originated in a Michigan Paper.**

Omaha, Nov. 1.—The Union Pacific railroad has been sold at auction. The sale was forced by the United States, holder of a second mortgage. In order to protect stock and bondholders, the reorganization committee bid in the property, real and personal—that is to say—track, rolling stock and bonds. For the railroad proper the committee paid $39,883,281.87; for the bonds, $13,645,250.99. There were no other bids. The price obtained is sufficient to pay the government claim in full. Master in Chancery W. D. Cornish of St. Paul conducted the sale, and it is said his fee will be the largest ever given an auctioneer, as the Union Pacific is the most valuable property ever sold at auction.

#### A Bit of History.

The idea of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a system of railways is said to have been first given public expression in The Emigrant, a weekly newspaper published at Ann Arbor, Mich., from Nov. 8, 1829, to Dec. 1, 1834. A bill that passed the United States senate June 20, 1862, by a vote of 25 to 5, was the actual starting of the Union Pacific. The house passed the bill by a vote of 104 to 21 and four days later President Lincoln made it a law by affixing his signature. A charter for $100,000,000 was given the corporation and a land grant of 20,000,000 acres attached. The company was formally chartered July 2, 1862, with authority to construct a railway from Omaha to the eastern boundary of the state of California.

#### Provisions of the Act.

The act incorporating the company provided for a government subsidy equal to $16,000 per mile for that portion of the line between the Missouri river and the base of the Rocky mountains; $48,000 per mile for a distance of 150 miles through the mountain range; $32,000 per mile for the distance intermediate between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges, and $48,000 per mile for a distance of 150 miles through the Sierra Nevada. The company had also a land grant equalling 12,800 acres to the mile.

The original act provided that the government subsidy should be a first mortgage on the road, but by amendment it was made a second mortgage, the company being authorized to issue its own bonds to an amount equal to the government subsidy as a first mortgage on the line.

#### Capital Was Only $218,000.

The whole available capital of the road that was ultimately to cost $50,000,000 was only $218,000. The government had offered in subsidies more than the cost of the construction of the road, and Oakes Ames of Easton, Mass., who was interested in the building of the road, formed a corporation which became known as "The Credit Mobilier of America," which was to receive all the profits of the constructors and divide them among the stockholders in the Credit Mobilier. The profits were enormous, amounting to $43,929,328. Under the Ames contract alone and within one year dividends were paid amounting to 549 per cent. on the capital stock. The matter was investigated by congress and the expulsion of Ames from the house of representatives, of which he was then a member, was recommended. It was, however, never carried out.

#### Meeting of the Two Roads.

The first eleven miles of the road were completed Sept. 25, 1865, and the road was completed to its junction with the Central Pacific at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869. The meeting of the two roads was duly celebrated. Governor Leland Stanford of California, president of the Central Pacific, was present, as was Vice President Durant of the Union Pacific. Ties were laid for the rails and when they met the last spike, which was of gold, was driven. Telegraph wires were connected, so that each blow of the silver sledges was reported instantly in all the large cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

## FOUL PLAY SUSPECTED.

**Two Pittsburg Men Have Been Missing Since Aug. 20.**

Pittsburg, Nov. 1.—The relatives and friends of Emmett Charles Lowry and R. S. Roamer of Pittsburg are very much exercised concerning them. They left Pittsburg Aug. 20. Their destination was unknown, but Lowry, when parting from his brother, promised to advise him of his whereabouts. They were last seen together on a train near Youngstown, O. Their prolonged silence excites apprehension of foul play or some unexplained misfortune. All practical means of ascertaining their whereabouts have been resorted to. Lowry is 20 years old, slender, 5 ft. 6 in., weighs about 125 pounds, has dark, straight hair, dark eye lashes and gray eyes; is thin-faced; dressed in dark clothes; was attending college. Reamer is also well educated; dressed in dark clothes; is about 25 years old and about 5 ft. 10 in. They are young men of good habits, rather quiet and reserved. Anybody possessing information concerning either will confer a favor by communicating with David Lowry, 312 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

#### Murdered His Neighbor.

Warsaw, Mo., Nov. 1.—Emery Norman killed Creed Moore, a neighboring farmer, at his place, twelve miles south of here, firing a load of buckshot into his body. Norman then, together with his brother, barricaded himself in his house and declared he will not be taken alive. They were each about 35 years old and married. The trouble arose over a lawsuit.

#### Chicago Horse Show Open.

Chicago, Nov. 1.—The horse show, with all its hundreds of magnificent animals, 1,000 entries in all, was opened to the public at 10 o'clock and the competition in the 260 class began soon after.

#### Utes Go Back Home.

Rifle, Col., Nov. 1.—Game Commissioner Swan and Marden McLean are back. They say the Indians are all returning to the reservation, and they anticipate no further trouble.

NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words From Mrs. Pinkham, Corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, That Ought to Bring Suffering Women to Their Senses.

If you were drowning and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you refused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them!

It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?

Shall I tell you what it is?

It is inflammation of the womb!

If it goes on, polypus, or tumor, or cancer will set in. Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of women in this condition have been cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing to give you the very best advice. She has given the helping hand to thousands suffering just like yourself, many of whom lived miles away from a physician. Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured many thousands of women. It can be found at any respectable drug store.

Mrs. Charles Dunmore, 102 Fremont St., Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., says: "I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing-down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep at night. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for eight months, and am now all right. Before that I took morphine pills for my pain; that was a great mistake, for the relief was only momentary and the effect vile. I am so thankful to be relieved of my sufferings, for the pains I had were something terrible. I am, indeed, very grateful for the good Mrs. Pinkham's remedies have done me."

## SPLIT IN ORGANIZED LABOR.

**Brought About by the Alien Labor Laws Passed by the Last Congress.**

Ottawa, Can., Nov. 2.—As a result of De Barry's vigorus anti-alien work on the frontier there is a growing movement all along the line among Canadian trades unions to sever connection with the parent bodies in the states. Recently there was formed here a new body to take the place of the Knights of Labor in Canada. It is known as the Canadian Federation of Labor, and is prosecuting a vigorous anti-American campaign among the Knights of Labor assemblies in Ontario and Quebec, the two provinces where unionism is strong.

The federation claims that the alien labor laws passed by the United States congress were the result of agitation by United States trades unions, and they, as Canadians, therefore, do not care to have any further nominal friendliness, where none exists. The secession of the Ancient Order of United Workmen from the jurisdiction of the supreme lodge in the United States is a fair indication of the feeling that is prevailing in Canada with regard to the alleged antipathy of Americans to Canada.

#### Most of the Bullets Found Billets.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 2.—As the result of a shooting affray in front of the Coeur d'Alene theatre, Johnny Bull, an old-time gambler, was shot three times, and probably fatally wounded. "Fiskey" (H. S.) Barnett, manager of the theatre, had a finger shot off and his face filled with burned powder, while his wife, better known by the stage name of Ida Clayton, received a bullet through her shoulder.

#### Bank Robbers Break Jail.

Deadwood, S. D., Nov. 2.—The four Belle Fourch bank robbers overpowered the Lawrence county jailer and his wife and escaped into the hills, taking with them William Moore, a negro murderer. The robbers are members of the desperate Curry gang of outlaws and were captured only a week or two ago in Montana after a severe battle.

#### Titus to Race Michael.

New York, Nov. 2.—Fred Titus left for Chicago yesterday where he is to take part in a paced race at the Coliseum against Jimmy Michael on Nov. 13. The distance will be twenty-five miles and the contestants will be paced by fifty men, using all kinds of multicycles.

#### Private Bank in Canada Robbed.

Burlington, Ont., Nov. 2.—The private bank of R. G. Baxter was broken into and the vault and safe wrecked by dynamite early yesterday morning. About $2,000 was taken.

#### Tom Johnson Arranges a Pair.

Cleveland, Nov. 2.—Tom L. Johnson will not come home from New York to vote. He has succeeded in arranging a pair with W. L. Ruce, a lawyer living here.

#### Eureka Gas.

The name of Eureka gas is given to a new illuminant, expected to rival acetylene. This gas, as described in Invention and originated by M. Hector de Favi of Montefiascone, Italy, is obtained as follows: Lime as pure as possible is employed as a base, colophony and calcium carbide being added—1,000 parts of the mixture ready for use consisting of 900 of quicklime, 50 of colophony and 50 of calcium carbide—and there is said to be no liability of explosion by mixing with air. No heating of water and no special burner is needed. One thousand parts of the mixture give 60 liters of gas at a pressure of 35 millimeters of water, and the photometric intensity of the flame is stated to be 92.4 candle hours, while the same amount of calcium carbide employed singly would give only 18 candle hours. Thus, it is asserted, the new gas is 50 per cent cheaper than acetylene, or that at equal cost it will give half as much more light.

#### An Unerring Barometer.

The advertising columns of legitimate newspapers are now regarded by the more intelligent and thrifty portion of the public as an unerring barometer of the character, energy and success of business men, and those who fail to appreciate the now universally accepted method of reaching the people must fall behind in the race for business profits.—Philadelphia Times.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

## IN THE LONG AGO.

**When the St. Louis Spaniards Marched Against the Michigan English.**

A Spanish army came to Chicago in the long ago. The minor details of it and the finer statecraft reasons of it are hidden in the catacombs of the Escurial along with tons of other documents that will never see the light again. But we know that those men of war marched over the Illinois prairies, and that they were sent to increase the dominions of their sovereigns.

By the treaty of Paris, signed in 1763, France ceded to Spain all of that vast territory known as Louisiana, which stretched from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Canadian line. In 1781 Great Britain was at war with the United States, Spain, Holland and France. St. Louis was a Spanish town, and English officers attacked it at the head of 1,500 Indians. They were defeated with little trouble and retreated.

In revenge the Spanish commander at St. Louis, which his people called "San Luis de Illinois," planned a raid against the British post of St. Joseph. It was a fort or outpost, located at a point two miles from the present city of Benton Harbor, Mich., and 60 miles northwest of Chicago, across the lake. The force began its long, difficult and dangerous journey on Jan. 2, 1781. They estimated the distance at 220 leagues, or 660 miles, and subsequent surveys have proved that they were remarkably good guessers. It was officered by Captain Eugenio Purre, commanding, and Lieutenant Carlos Tayon. The interpreter was Luis Chevalier. Chiefs Electurno and Nequigen led the 60 Indians of the Fox and Pottawatomie tribes. There were 65 Spanish volunteers, in all 130 men, selected with special reference to their ability to withstand the arduous journey.

They marched up the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Illinois and thence along the track of the French explorers and voyagers. The route took them up the Illinois river past Fort Creve Cœur (Peoria) to old Fort St. Louis (Starved Rock). Here they planted the blood stained banner of Aragon and Castile. A century before from that rocky eminence La Salle had unfurled the fleur-de-lis of France. Subsequently the British flag had waved over it. Now Old Glory waves there in peace and beauty.

Purre's force toiled in snow and ice to the junction of the Kankakee and Desplaines rivers. They followed the Desplaines to a point west of what is now South Chicago and came to the lake at its southern edge. They found it a desolate region of swamps and sand dunes. Thence they marched to their destination.

The small garrison of St. Joseph fled to Detroit at the news of their approach, and all of the stores fell into the hands of the invaders. They proclaimed the sovereignty of Spain over this section and divided the stores. After resting some days they began their return march over the former route. They reached St. Louis in safety after a midwinter march of nearly 1,400 miles through a hostile country. They had few casualties and gathered much plunder.—Chicago Chronicle.

No More Scrofula

Not a Symptom of the Affliction Since Cured by Hood's.

"When our daughter was two years old she broke out all over her face and head with scrofula sores. Nothing that we did for her seemed to do any good. We became discouraged, but one day saw Hood's Sarsaparilla so highly recommended that we decided to try it. The first bottle helped her, and after taking six bottles her face was smooth and we have not seen any signs of scrofula returning." Silas Vernooy, West Park, New York. Get only Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, constipation

# EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AN OLD FRIEND.

That night the storm passed away and the sun rose on a perfect morning.

The blue Pacific was still beating the sandy coast with whitecapped billows, it is true, but the sky was clear and serene, and the sun shone brightly on the town and harbor of Vladivostok.

What a frightful mockery all this glorious beauty seemed to the three prisoners as they passed for a moment through the cottage yard and entered the closed carriage that had just arrived from the town. Their wan, haggard faces, from which every vestige of hope had fled, seemed to draw sympathy from even the stern and pitiless Cossacks.

The commanding officer took his seat in the carriage and gave the order to start. He had deferred the departure until now, purposely, no doubt, that his triumph might be seen of men, and to add dignity to the occasion the carriage was surrounded on all four sides by troops of mounted Cossacks.

They rode briskly out of the wooded valley and turned down the sandy beach, entering the town by its main thoroughfare—a long, narrow street, lined for the most part with wooden houses of a peculiar construction. The sidewalks were filled with people, and Maurice looked with curiosity at the odd types of character—the queerly dressed Russians, the pigtailed Chinese and the dark featured Koreans.

The triumphant procession—for so it was clearly regarded by the inhabitants—continued on past the government offices, the admiralty with its yellow dome and waving flag, the imposing, carved facade of the Naval club, and passing through the Chinese bazaar and the market place swept along the wharf, tantalizing the wretched prisoners with a brief glimpse of the shipping anchored in the harbor—the flags of all nations that fluttered in the morning breeze.

Then a low, gloomy building came in view, frowning with cannon, pierced with embrasures, and the carriage drew up before the fortress.

A brief sigh escaped Platoff's lips. No one spoke, for strict silence had been enjoined.

Another carriage was standing on one side of the massive entrance—an imposing vehicle glistening with new paint and gilded trimmings. A dozen soldiers of huge stature were guarding it, and one of them seemed strangely familiar to Maurice.

The prisoners got out of the carriage before the gateway which was open to receive them and marched slowly forward, each between two soldiers.

Just at this time a commotion was heard within, and a sentry on the steps called aloud: "The inspector is coming. Make room for his excellency."

The officer in charge flushed with pride and straightened himself an inch or two. "Halt!" he cried sharply. "Right about! Forward! Halt!" And the prisoners, drawn up beside the short flight of stone steps, awaited the arrival of the inspector.

Maurice fixed his eyes on the arched doorway. He was curious to see this government official who had traveled across Siberia inspecting the czar's prisons and penal settlements. A moment later he appeared—a tall, richly uniformed gentleman, preceded by a young Cossack officer—and at sight of that noble face, the wavy, yellow mustache and beard and clear blue eyes Maurice was thrilled by such a strong emotion that he staggered back and would have fallen but for the guard's firm grasp on his arm. The dizziness passed off instantly, and he straightened up, trembling and flushed with excitement.

His excellency halted on the topmost step for a parting word with the commandant of the fortress, who followed him to the door. Then he came quickly down between the presented arms of the sentries, and as his feet touched the bottom Maurice, with a supreme effort, tore from his guards and flung himself before the amazed official, crying loudly: "Colonel Jaroslav! Colonel Jaroslav! Help me, help me!"

All was wild excitement in an instant, and the daring lad was dragged roughly aside, struggling fiercely with his captors.

"Help me!" he cried with all his might. "You remember, Colonel Jaroslav—St. Petersburg—a year ago, in the square—I saved your life—dragged you from the cannons—I had your card—all. For God's sake, help me! Let me speak a word—just a word"—

Then a burly Cossack clutched his throat, stifling his cry. Another struck him brutally on the mouth, and the officer smote him with the flat of his sword. Still struggling desperately, he was dragged up the steps, and in a few seconds more the fortress doors would have closed behind him.

"Stop! Who is that man?" Colonel Jaroslav's voice rose sharply above the tumult.

The officer hurried forward, cap in hand. "A convict, your excellency," he said, "one of those who escaped from Kara two months ago. Here are the other two. I captured them last night north of the town."

The inspector briefly scanned Phil and Platoff and turned toward Maurice, who stood white and trembling on the upper step, held by two soldiers.

"Yes, I recognize your face," he said haughtily. "I deeply regret that we should meet again under these circumstances. Yet even the service you rendered me can hardly justify this demand."

"I ask but a brief interview," said Maurice eagerly. "For heaven's sake don't refuse me. You will change your mind when you have heard what I have to say."

"I grant your request," said Colonel Jaroslav. "You shall hear from me again." Then, turning toward the officer in charge of the convicts, he demanded, "Can you procure me a report of this case before evening?"

"Yes, your excellency; it can be had from St. Petersburg by telegraph at once."

"Very well. Send it to me without delay." And, passing hurriedly through the crowd, Colonel Jaroslav entered his carriage and drove away.

Dizzy with joy Maurice followed his guards through the dark hall of the fortress and was speedily locked in a whitewashed cell with a narrow grated window overhead.

He was rather glad than otherwise that he was separated from his companions. He wanted time to reflect, to collect proofs of the story he must relate to Colonel Jaroslav, for on that interview rested his only hope, and that hope was now a strong one.

He was treated with some consideration. Food of good quality was brought to his cell, and he was given a soft bed in place of the straw pallet that lay on the floor, but he neither ate nor slept.

Morning found him still wakeful and restless. Before the day was half over the welcome summons came from the jailer, and he was conducted to a luxuriously furnished room on the first floor of the fortress, where Colonel Jaroslav was seated at a table glancing over some papers.

The jailer withdrew, leaving them alone.

"Yours is a strange case," were the colonel's first words. "I am puzzled at the outset. Sit down and let me hear your story."

It was half past 10 by a small clock on the table when Maurice began to speak. When he finished, the hands pointed to noon. He related everything without reserve, commencing with his family history and the visit to Russia, ending with the perfidy of Captain Daroman and his recapture. He spoke, of course, in English, remembering that the colonel was familiar with the language.

With rapt attention Colonel Jaroslav listened to every word, and at its conclusion he rose and shook Maurice warmly by the hand.

"My poor boy," he said with emotion, "your story is true. You have been the victim of an infamous crime, but your sufferings are now at an end. You and your friend shall be freed, I promise you."

"Thank God!" cried Maurice. "Oh, thank God!" And, bursting into tears, he buried his face on the table.

"It was a dastardly deed," resumed the colonel presently, "and were it not for the convincing proofs I could not believe Vladimir Saradoff capable of such a crime. But the evidence is so plain that even the minister of the interior cannot fail to be convinced. According to the report of the case which I have, you traveled directly from the frontier to Moscow, where you were arrested, yet I can testify to seeing you in St. Petersburg, and, what is more, I can remember seeing Ivan, Vladimir Saradoff's servant, sitting on the box of the sleigh.

"That was the scoundrel who stole your papers and substituted the nihilistic books and the false passports. This report states two more important facts which go to strengthen your case. It was Vladimir Saradoff himself who gave Count Paul Brosky, minister of the interior, the information that caused your arrest, and it is also recorded here that my card was found among your effects when searched. But the most damning evidence of all is yet to come. Do you know why your uncle committed this infamous crime?"

"No," said Maurice, "I do not, unless he hated me on my father's account."

"It was partly that, no doubt," resumed the colonel, "but there was a stronger motive. Let me tell you what occurred after your arrest, and you will readily understand all. Late in April, while you and your friend were on your way to Siberia under the names of Cunningham and Burton, two badly decomposed bodies were found in the Neva. On searching them at the morgue passports were found made out to Maurice Hammond and Philip Danvers. The papers announced that the boys had been accidentally drowned. Vladimir Saradoff procured the government certificate of death in your case and forwarded it to America, making at the same time a claim for your mother's fortune, which, by her will, went to her brother in case of your death. That claim was allowed—your guardian making no attempt to dispute it—and Vladimir Saradoff received your fortune. His crime was plotted with marvelous cunning, and had you arrived at this fortress one half hour later yesterday morning you would have gone back to Kara never again to return. The workings of Providence are truly wonderful."

Maurice's surprise at this story may be readily imagined. His first thought was of Phil, and his friend was sent for at Colonel Jaroslav's request, who considerately left the room and permitted the boys to remain by themselves.

An hour later they were taken back to their cells, for of course they were not yet free, but in the evening Colonel Jaroslav returned and sent for them.

"I have received telegraphic instructions from St. Petersburg," he said. "You will return with me at once, and your case will be placed before the minister. I regret to say that the man to whom you owe so much, Paul Platoff, the revolutionist, will also be sent back to Russia to undergo solitary confinement in the castle of Schusselberg. Nicolas Poussin's share in your escape has been discovered. He is now under arrest and will be heavily fined, if indeed he suffers no worse penalty. The Cossack officer, Captain Daroman, will derive no benefit from his treachery. General Melikoff, whose daughter he insulted, directs that he be stripped of his rank and sent into penal servitude at the island of Saghalien, some miles north of Vladivostok. He is now confined in the fortress."

"Poor Platoff! Can nothing be done for him?" exclaimed Maurice, bursting into tears. "He saved our lives. He is the noblest man living. Ah, if you only knew what we owe to him, Colonel Jaroslav. Can't you do anything for him?"

"Nothing, I fear," said the colonel sadly, for he was deeply moved by the boy's tears and pleadings. "It is impossible. Paul Platoff must go to the underground dungeons of Schusselberg. He deserves a better fate perhaps, but there is no hope for him."

"Can we see him?" begged Maurice.

"Not at present," replied the colonel. "You will have plenty of opportunities in the future. He will accompany us to St. Petersburg. The jailer, at my direction, told him what had occurred, so he knows your good fortune. And now let me advise you to obtain as much rest as possible, for in three days we start back across Siberia. Amur river is now open, and the journey which was so long and painful to you we shall accomplish in a few weeks. Of course you are still prisoners and will be under military guard, but your treatment will be good. I shall see to that myself."

The boys went back to their cells scarcely able to realize that their troubles were nearly over. Maurice, in his deep grief over the fate of Platoff, scarcely tasted his supper.

He was unable to sleep and tossed for hours on his bed.

Near midnight he fell into a restless doze, from which he was roused by a dull, booming sound that seemed to shake the walls of the cell. Then followed half a dozen sharp reports, and as he sprang to his feet in alarm a rush of footsteps passed his cell, and a hoarse voice shouted:

*"Yes, I recognize your face," he said haughtily.*

"Drop the boats, quick! He's swimming out into the harbor."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### SHIFTING SCENES.

Six feet beneath the level of the flat top of the fortress, on the eastern side facing the sea, extended a paved stone wall, 20 feet broad. On the outer edge of this rose a massive parapet deeply embrasured and mounted with frowning cannon that pointed their gaping muzzles day and night on the shipping in the harbor. Seven grated windows directly beneath the roof faced this paved wall, and the middle grating admitted a feeble supply of light to the cell wherein Paul Platoff was confined.

Five minutes before the alarm occurred that roused Maurice from his sleep two sentries were patrolling before the row of windows, now back to back as they neared the angles of the fortress, now face to face as they approached and met before the middle window. Three lanterns, placed at regular intervals, threw a bright light on the scene, and, shining out on the sea, mingled with the wavy reflections from the shipping.

"Have you a light, Ivan?" said one sentry to the other as they met before Platoff's window.

"Yes," was the reply. "Here is my pipe. Hurry and finish your smoke, though, for the night officer will soon be here."

They halted a moment to exchange fire, and as they moved off again neither heard a sharp crack that came from a point close at hand.

The distance between them gradually widened, and they were close to the angles of the fortress when suddenly the grating dropped from the middle window with a tremendous crash, and they wheeled round in time to see a dark figure slip nimbly to the ground and dash toward the parapet.

Crack! crack! rang the two rifles simultaneously as the sentries rushed forward, but the dark figure gained the top of the parapet unchecked and leaped wildly into the darkness. A heavy splash told that he had reached the sea, 50 feet below.

The alarm gun standing ready primed and loaded was touched off instantly, and as the loud boom roused the inmates of the fortress and drew an eager crowd of officers and soldiers to the spot the figure of the escaped prisoner was seen for an instant striking boldly out into the harbor.

A score of rifles belched out flame and lead—with what effect none could tell—and a few moments later four boats manned with armed soldiers were gliding to and fro over the harbor. From midnight until morning they hunted Paul Platoff in vain, and when daylight came a Russian corvet watched the mouth of the harbor, while the commandant of the fortress, armed with the czar's authority, searched every vessel in the port—German, Danish, Italian, English and American.

But Paul Platoff could not be found, and when night came again it was officially reported that the daring revolutionist had found a resting place at the bottom of the sea.

The two negligent sentries were put in irons, the gratings at the six other windows were strengthened, and the fortress settled down to its usual routine again.

Colonel Jaroslav informed the boys of the sad occurrence. Phil burst into tears, and Maurice, throwing himself on the bed, hid his face in the pillow. When the door had closed behind the colonel, he sprang up.

"Phil," he exclaimed excitedly, "don't you believe it. Platoff is not drowned. It can't be true. He has escaped, and we shall see him again some day. I am sure of it."

Phil was inclined to be skeptical, but Maurice remained true to his convictions and steadfastly refused to credit his friend's death.

Two days later, in custody of Colonel Jaroslav's own guard of Cossacks, the boys commenced the long 6,000 mile journey back to St. Petersburg—first by sea to the mouth of the Amur, then successively by river, carriage and rail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LULLABY.

A dear little head of golden hair
Pillowed against my breast,
A dear little smile on her face so fair—
My darling, sweetly rest!

Two dear little eyes of bonny blue,
With their lids to my lips close pressed,
A dear little heart that beats so true—
My darling, sweetly rest!

A dear little face has my little boy,
A dear little form to caress,
A dear little life that gives me joy—
Sleep, darling, and take your rest!

—May Smith Eggleston in Detroit Free Press.

## MONEY TO BURN.

### They Burned It and Later Wished They Had Kept the Fuel.

"When Burnside made his mud march on to Fredericksburg, we men in the advance had some gay times," remarked a veteran of the civil war. "It was a long while before the Johnnies would let us cross the river, but when we did get across we made the fellows who had been shooting at us for the past three hours get right up and dust for safer quarters. The infantry soon followed us and took up their position along the river toward Falmouth, while we skirmished through the town. When we came to the Planters' hotel, we just walked in and took possession. Everybody had deserted the place and we did just as we pleased. In going through one of the rooms I came across three bundles of Confederate notes. Each bundle was labeled to contain $5,000, and as I held them aloft I shouted to the rest of the men that we now had money to burn. They laughed, and I thrust the notes in my pocket. The Johnnies had taken or destroyed everything to eat, and, as for liquor, there wasn't any in the town.

"After satisfying ourselves that there was nothing further to be had in the Planters' hotel we sallied forth and walked up toward the home of the mother of our country—George Washington's mother. We had had no breakfast yet, and now it was close on to noon. One of my companions had some coffee in his haversack, so I thought we might have a little coffee if nothing else. Well, we got the coffee out and then discovered that we had no firewood. There was some tall swearing just at that time, for the Johnnies hadn't left so much as a match behind them.

"'I've got it!' I cried, and I hauled out the three bundles of notes I had found in the Planters' hotel. My expression was greeted with a shout by my companions and—we had money to burn. We soon had the fire going and the coffee cooked. Need I say to any soldier that we enjoyed our coffee at a price which seems rather high—$15,000? We were soon through and marched back into the town only to see our men trying to buy some tobacco without money. How strange it seemed! They had not a cent, while we had money to burn and burned it.

"Four years after I regretted having had this money and burned it. While in Washington in the winter of 1865 I had the mortification of seeing an advertisement for this identical package of notes and offering 50 per cent on their face value for their return. They were Virginia state bank notes; hence their value. Whenever I hear that a man has money to burn I think of my $15,000 and shed a tear of regret that I burned it."—New York Telegram.

### Writes Letters to Himself.

John Beckwith, the warehouseman, received a letter the other day addressed in a round business hand and bearing the Oakland postmark. He glanced at it, rubbed his forehead reflectively a moment and then, without opening the envelope, tore it into bits.

"Why did you do that?" asked his partner. "That might have contained something of importance."

"No, it didn't. I wrote it myself."

"Are you in the habit of writing letters to yourself?"

"Yes, I have to. Now, if I hadn't written that yesterday and mailed it I would have forgotten that bunch of braid, two dozen pearl buttons and five yards of haircloth that I have got to go down town and buy right now. Once, though, I wrote a letter to myself about something I wanted to remember and forgot to mail it for two weeks.—San Francisco Post.

### His Good Reason.

Patient—I want to take gas.

Dentist—It is not usual to administer gas for such a small tooth, my boy. It won't hurt you for an instant."

"You've got to give me gas, or I won't have it out."

"You shouldn't be so afraid of being hurt. Now, sit up there like a little man."

"I ain't afraid of being hurt, but I expect I shall screech when it comes out."

"That won't matter."

"Yes, it will. All the boys I ever licked are waiting outside to hear me holler."—Exchange.

### How to Get Found In Boston.

A stranger has no excuse for being lost in Boston, although our streets are a trifle crooked. If the visitor who has lost his bearings will only strike out at random, he will soon find himself on Boston Common. It's a sure rule.—Boston Record.

NO TO BAC

A TOBACCO HEART.

Does he chew or smoke? If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, manly steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now will be gone forever. Millions of men are making tobacco hearts. Are you one?

Call a halt. A box or two of No-To-Bac will *regulate tobacco* using, make you strong and vigorous in more ways than one. Three boxes any druggist will guarantee to cure. Written guarantee. Book entitled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away" and free sample of No-To-Bac mailed for the asking. Address

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### Take Care of Yourself.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it. Wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will have in this world. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that govern it, the pains and penalty that will surely follow a violation of every law of life and health.—Medical Reporter.

### Asked Too Much.

Yes, we had to let that nursegirl go. She was recommended as being thoroughly up to date, but she seemed to us to be more than that. The first thing she did was to demand pneumatic tires for the baby carriage, and we promptly got them. However, we felt that it was time to draw the line when she insisted that we must hire a man to keep them pumped up. —Chicago Post.

### Sure Sign.

"Barber's wife is rather the boss of the outfit, isn't she?"

"I would not like to say so positively. But I do know that they have only two wheels, and one is a woman's wheel, and the other is a tandem."—Typographical Journal.

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# THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

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## AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. William H. Crane.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Stuart Robson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Whirl of the Town."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Modjeska.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Cat and the Cherub."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

## NECESSITY FOR UNION OF THE IRISH RACE.

We earnestly hope that the heads of the several Irish parliamentary factions, or fractions, will hearken to the counsel of Ireland's devoted friends on this side of the Atlantic and come to a mutual agreement to retire from their unenviable positions and take their place in the ranks under the headship of some sensible, if not brilliant, man under whom all can serve without feeling humiliated or rebuffed. The greatest moral glory of modern times will be his who first sets the example of self-sacrifice to his distracted and demoralized countrymen and to his unfortunate country. Ireland, today, would be a nation among the nations if God had not visited her children with the curse of faction—their besetting national weakness, due to strong individuality and the long prevalence of the tribal system, which rendered the Irish people more local than national in the most critical periods of their history. It is this spirit of tribalism that caused the old, brutal, disgusting faction fights at fairs and markets, races and hurlings; and it is its survival that now makes Irish factions possible in the face of the evils that threaten the destruction of a large proportion of the people. Just a hundred years ago last month, Drennan wrote "The Wake of William Orr," in which he vehemently prayed—

God of mercy, God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease!

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," was written by a sage, and what more vain condition can there be than one of faction or mutual dislike or hatred? None of us can live forever. At best our period in this world is brief and our days glide by—more or less a succession of troubled dreams. Even the most fortunate feel that want of something which this existence cannot entirely satisfy. This want drives some men to drink, others to politics, others to gaming, others to intrigue and so on almost indefinitely. The very best of us have some human weakness, and, therefore, we should be prepared to make allowance for weakness in our fellow men. However we may differ in minor details, or on questions of policy, we should ever be ready to sacrifice personal pride and, perhaps, natural ambition for the common good. What matters it whether we are at the foot, or the head, or in the middle, of the procession so long as we are all in the same column, marching forward in the cause of humanity? The cause of Ireland is the cause of humanity, and never more so than today. She is in the hands of an implacable enemy—an enemy that has always regarded her people as enemies and inferiors, and has always so written of them, wherever her pen, tongue or influence could reach or penetrate. Every cloud of bigotry, or race hatred, that glooms on the pathway of the Irishman in foreign lands is due to English historians, essayists, journalists and cartoonists. They have pursued him everywhere and vilified him everywhere. They have written of him as a coward—except when he cut throats for England's "glory," when he suddenly became a hero, for the moment—a knave a buffoon and a traitor. They have heaped upon him every species of insult and contumely, and they do it still, but with less effect, since the world has grown more enlightened. Every sneer and jibe and brutality that have appeared in Harper's, or in Puck, or in any other venemous publication of America has had its originating germ in the moral purlieus of the London press, or in the musty recesses of the London libraries.

We have had, as a race, an up hill task in seeking to show the world that we are not the things England and her imitators painted us, and we have, in a measure, vindicated our national character. But there are many still among us, both in Ireland and abroad throughout the world—even here, we are sorry to be obliged to say, in America—who would seem to do all that can be done to fortify the slanders of the national enemy and make them appear justifiable. Chief among this class are the faction-mongers, who feed on feud and abhor fraternity. Then there are the knaves who assail men of honest purpose, simply because their knavery stands rebuked by contrast. Then come the tale bearers and scandal mongers and professional malignants—all scum of the original serpent, whose head may have been crushed by the Irish apostle, but whose slime was sufficient to poison posterity down through the generations. These creatures are the curse of the Irish cause, and, wherever they are found, or dare to raise their heads, honest men should expose and crush them, casting them into the "exterior darkness" of political isolation, where they can only bite and sting themselves. These reptiles are few, but active, and to them, everywhere, is chiefly due the factiousness and impotency of the Irish race today. They thrive on quarreling, but if the Irish parliamentary leaders set a good example the occupation of the malignants, who are confined to no particular faction, will be gone, and the well meaning majority can then come together, be brethren, and go cheerfully ahead with the good work.

It is a mistake to suppose that bitter factions among Irishmen are entirely confined to Ireland or the Irish parliamentary party: but the existence of division in the latter gives excuse for it here and in other countries. The masses of the people are all right. They love liberty and they love Ireland, and are only kept assunder by mischief-breeders and selfish schemers, much more intent on the gratification of their own ambition than on the freedom of Ireland or the relief of her people. The man of power and prominence who first sets the example of peace and unity among Irishmen will be hailed as a hero and honored as a patriot.

## MANCHESTER MARTYRS' CELEBRATION.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago will celebrate the 30th anniversary of the martyrdom of the Irish patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, at Manchester, Eng., in Central Music hall, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 23. Miss Maud Gonne, editress of L'Irlande Libre, France, and Mr. James F. Egan, representing the Irish Amnesty association, will be the speakers of the evening. Miss Bessie O'Brien, the popular Irish-American vocalist, and pupil of Madame Marchesi, the great Parisian instructor, will sing on the occasion. There will be other attractive features in the programme, and these will be announced later on. As this will be the first visit of Miss Maud Gonne, "the Irish Joan of Arc," to Chicago; and as Mr. Egan, who has suffered much for Ireland, also deserves the respectful consideration of his countrymen in this city and elsewhere, it is hoped that the audience will be worthy of the guests of the Irish Nationalists and of their cause. We hope the house will be filled to overflowing. Miss O'Brien, too, deserves every mark of appreciation, as she is a credit to the Irish race, and the American people at large, from the artistic point of view. It is quite evident that this gifted young lady is proud to "wear the Green," for which many of her forefathers fought and bled.

## ARE THEY "HIGHLANDER'S AT ALL?

The Gordon Highlanders are composed of the 75th and 92d regiments of the British Line, supplemented by some Scotch militia battalions, according to the new territorial disposition introduced by Lord Wolseley. The 92d is the battalion in India that made the recent famous charge, about which England has gone into ecstacies. We wonder if its ranks are filled by Irishmen, as was the case at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, when the Meath militia were drafted to reinforce the regiment, and, as John Mitchel wrote, "died, as they deserved to die, in their petticoats amid the grain fields of Belgium." This reminds us of a story. When Duke Connaught was in India, one of the Scotch lords, we think it was Athole, commanding a division, gave him a banquet. At this feed an immense redheaded Highland piper played his instrument, walking up and down, behind Athole's chair. When the punch had warmed up "his ludship" sufficiently, he turned to the piper and said: "Hech, mon, but ye play brawly! The skirl o' the auld pipes warms the cockles o' the Heelanmon's heart! An' what pairt o' Scotland did ye come frae, mon?"

"Connemara, yer honor!" responded the piper, amid the convulsive laughter of Duke Connaught and the entire company.

## GOVERNOR ROGERS' DENUNCIATION OF AN ENGLISH ALLIANCE.

An article of remarkable significance, from the pen of the Hon. John R. Rogers, Governor of the State of Washington, appears in the Arena for November, under the heading of "Freedom and Its Opportunities." The governor takes a decidely pessimistic view of the social conditions existing in the United States, and thinks that the people are being slowly and surely cajoled out of their rights and liberties by the money power. Following is one of the strongest passages in his article:

"Even the beneficiaries of present wrongs are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to protect their ill-gotten gains under a stronger government. They are very much ill at ease. They fear the fury of the mob when it shall discover the depth of the wrong practised upon it. As yet the people refuse to believe the story of their thraldom. They are now exploring the cage constructed for them by their masters. No loophole of escape as yet appears. Of this they are convinced. But hope springs eternal in the human breast; they do not yet believe, they cannot be brought to think, that the conditions which surround and hedge them in were specially prepared and constructed for the express purpose of depriving them of that freedom of action and opportunity outlined in the Declaration of Independence. But when in the near future this shall have been made plain, when they shall have been convinced by dire experience that the cage of legal circumstance against which they beat their heads in vain has been constructed for them, and that it does actually and positively prevent freedom of opportunity and action, and that without remedy, then, indeed, a time of trial will come.

"And for this time of trial the enemies of freedom are preparing with might and main. It is their intention to secure aid and assistance from our hereditary enemies, the English. Indeed, we are already told that, as English money has been heavily invested in this country, it is but natural that English guns should protect it if threatened by what its owners may term 'repudiation,' either in whole or in part. The new bondage is to be enforced by a bondocracy having its headquarters in London. It is to be world-wide in extent and world-compelling in its power. In many respects it is the most formidable conspiracy against human liberty ever formed in the history of the world. The population of England is relatively small; with a globe under tribute this small population can always be controlled. From London, as a centre and base of operations, the world is to be governed through control of money, the medium of exchange which all must use. It is thought to be impregnable from outside attack. With the wealth of the world at its command, and secure in his tight little isle, the moneylender is to rule the world. This is the scheme. Shylock is to be king over all the earth! And we have Americans who wish to follow English lead in these matters! That bonds mean eventual bondage is now very generally understood, and yet we have Americans who have defended in the past, and will attempt to defend in the future, the further issue of bonds in aid of this scheme to place our country under bondage to the money power of the world! Modern slavery is enforced by the exaction of tribute for the use of money. But the end of bondage approaches. The oppressed shall go free.

"Some one has illustrated the difference between monarchy and a republic by saying that a monarchy is like a well-appointed ship which may founder and go down in midocean, while a republic is like a timber raft. The men upon it are often uncomfortable, their feet are always in the water, and conflict with the waves is continual. But the raft remains afloat. Our republic will not go down, but progress is slow, and error requires much time for its extinguishment. A generation passes in mental conflict for the establishment of a truth."

While not disposed to take the same gloomy view of things as Gov. Rogers, yet we feel that he has put his case strongly and sounded a warning note the country ought to heed, if it does not. The English "aid and assistance," to which he alludes, have been eagerly sought after by our two latest rulers, Cleveland, the Democrat, who has, happily, for the republic, returned to private life, and McKinley, the Republican, who will surely follow him, on March 4, 1901, if he again undertakes to regalvanize in the Senate the stinking carcass of the late Anglo-American Arbitration "treaty." Men who could accede to such a measure, or who could urge others to accede to it, were and are unfit to rule over a proud and independent people. We can never give sufficient thanks to God that vigorous national American opinion—chiefly developed at the South and among Irish-Americans all over the Union—defeated the treasonable project, which had both Cleveland's and McKinley's approval and advocacy for its passage. We are glad that so able and prominent an American statesman and writer as Gov. Rogers has called attention to the matter. We don't want the English or their infamous "alliance," because they are, as the governor truly says, "our hereditary enemies," and those who call them in, as friends and allies, will find them no more potent to save them from the wrath of the American people than were the hireling Hessians to preserve the vicious authority of George III. over the colonies forced into revolt by his intolerable oppression and insults. Whosoever seeks an English alliance for America, be he high or low, rich or poor, native or foreign, is a traitor to the people of the United States, who ought to be, if they are not, the government.

## DEATH OF HENRY GEORGE.

The sudden death of Henry George, one of the numerous candidates for the mayoralty of Greater New York, in the heat of the canvass last week, made a painful impression on the American people, not, indeed, because Mr. George's peculiar theories found deep root in the popular heart, but because he was justly looked upon as a pure, truthful and thoroughly sincere man. That he was an unselfish friend of the working masses his entire career fully demonstrated. He was the friend of liberty in all lands, and, in Ireland's day of bitter trouble—when the tyrant hand of the British Government was heavy on the leaders of the people—Henry George was found in the van, ready to dare and do and suffer. He was, like all men of lofty spirit and unusual talent, somewhat of a dreamer and a doctrinaire, but his dreams and his doctrines were always noble in their conception and in their utterance, although, applied to the necessities of "practical politics," they were generally found impracticable. It is now useless to speculate on what might have been the outcome of the New York municipal election if Mr. George had lived to see the end of the battle; but, judging by after results, we believe his untimely death saved his sensitive nature from the agony of undeserved defeat.

## BRITISH LOSSES IN INDIA.

Says the New York Sun: "The Simla dispatch which gave the losses incurred up to date by the British forces engaged in fighting the Mohammedan rebels on the frontier was the first indication of how severe the fighting has been. The killed numbered 190, including fourteen officers, and the wounded 580, including thirty-four officers.

"The most striking thing in these figures is the disproportion between the killed and wounded. In ordinary fighting in times past, unless in very exceptional circumstances, the proportion of killed to wounded was one to seven or ten. The proportion in the present conflict between the British and the frontier tribes is nearly one to three, which shows that the fighting is principally hand to hand and exceptionally severe. The tribes appear also to be armed with modern weapons to a greater extent than was supposed, for the last reports on the subject state that many of the fighting men were furnished with Lee-Metford rifles, as well as Martinis. This explains the meaning of the thefts of the Lee-Metford rifles and ammunition which were continually reported from the frontier stations garrisoned by the British regiments, and it shows that preparations for the present movement among the tribesmen have been going on for a long time.

"The loss of officers is also remarkable in comparison with that in the other ranks, particularly when the limited number of British officers in the native regiments is considered. It is altogether out of the usual proportion, and can only be explained by supposing that the troops need exceptional leading, or, as has indeed been hinted, that opportunity is taken by men with grudges against their officers to pick them off in the heat of conflict.

"That there is disaffection among the native regiments composed of Mussulmans is shown by the fact that during the recent fighting numbers of figures dressed in the uniform of the Indian army were seen in the enemy's ranks and directing the movements. A complete change in tactics has also been reported among the Afridis. Instead of coming on in a wild undisciplined rush as formerly, the attacking line advances in successive rushes covered by the fire of the main body. This is evidence that they have been trained by the deserters, who, since the outbreak, have been going over in considerable numbers to their revolted co-religionists, and giving them the benefit of the experience they themselves have gained in the British service."

Here is cheerful reading for all who admire brave men who in spite of desperate odds, take their lives in their hands and go forth to meet the invaders of their native land hand to hand, and steel to steel. In these dull times of "peaceable, legal and constitutional agitation," it is really consoling to know that such men still live in the world. We used to have such men in Ireland, but, unhappily, they seem to have nearly passed away and left behind them many waverers, some of whom, even in the centennial year of the last manly stand for Irish liberty, actually "Fear to speak of '98," or if they speak of it at all, do so in such a craven spirit as might almost make the "mighty dead" rise from their honored graves and disown their degenerate offspring. To any one who has the slightest knowledge of the insufferable insolence of British officers to the rank and file, and especially to the Indian soldiers, the fact that "opportunity is taken by men with grudges against their officers to pick them off in the heat of battle" is not at all strange; indeed it would be passing strange if the opportunity was not taken. Sam Slick says, "There is a good deal of human nature in mankind generally," and it would seem that there is some human nature yet left in the down-trodden sons of Hindostan. It must be pleasant, however, for said officers, who have been for years sowing the wind of hatred, to realize the unpleasant fact that they will now reap the whirlwind of wrath and revenge.

The desertions noticed in the above is an ominous feature for the British, as it may possibly become infectious. Some of this same "human nature" may create a feeling of dislike to shoot down their fellow countrymen in the breasts of the English contingents, and if that feeling takes root and spreads, as it is likely to do, the beginning of the end of British rule in India is at hand. It is impossible that the Indian troops do not realize what a cipher the English army is in the midst of the thronging population of their country. That army counts 70,000, the Indian troops number 250,000 and the population is something like 200,000,000. Of course English civilization is reducing that number very rapidly; at least 14,000,000 have been done to death this year alone by famine created by those British methods with which Ireland is too sadly familiar, but this is not likely to increase the love of the cold-blooded promoters of famine and pestilence in the hearts of the survivors.

We note with pleasure that the Afridis are better armed than they were in the early days of the uprising, and that "a complete change in tactics has also been reported among the Afridis," and that "instead of coming on in a wild undisciplined rush, as formerly, the attacking line advances in successive rushes covered by the fire of the main body." There is much good sense in this change of tactics, and it is sure evidence that they have been trained by the deserters, who, we are glad to see have been going over in considerable numbers to their revolted co-religionists, and giving them the benefit of the experience they themselves have gained in the British service." So "the work goes bravely on," and as John Mitchel used to say, "It is consoling to every well regulated mind," that it does. Recent dispatches state that the civilizers have formed what they euphoniously style "punitive columns," whose business it is to burn villages, destroy crops and render the people absolutely homeless; and that, too, in a country of almost perpetual snow, and we are told that a Highland regiment has taken great pleasure in this fiendish business. Do these men ever think of the "Massacre of Glencoe," when the Sassenachs swept down on one of their clans at midnight, in midwinter, and in the true spirit of their barbarous Viking ancestors, burned, massacred and destroyed the hapless people without mercy, and that now they are engaged in the same bloody work in the service of the same cruel government? Oh, the shame of it!

But why blame Scotchmen for doing the same inhuman work that our own countrymen are also engaged in, and we think with greater shame than the Celts from the Highlands, for this reason: The Scotch have long since surrendered at discretion to the Southron, and have sunk into the abject condition of mere willing British subjects, ready to do their duty as such no matter what that duty may be. Irishmen on the contrary have never acknowledged the right of England to rule over them, and have kept alive the spirit of nationality, boldly and defiantly until to day, and yet some of them—

"Go to slay each brother slave,
And earn the blood-stained Saxon shilling."

We have neither sorrow nor sympathy for such renegade Irishmen as fall beneath the vengeful shot of the gallant Afridis. Our sympathy is with the defenders of their mountain homes, even if they are followers of the false prophet. They are engaged in as good a cause as our fathers were in '98, and we wish them the fullest measure of triumphat success. Every ruined roof tree, every desolated homestead, every drop of heroic blood, every widow's tear and every orphan's moan will be harvested up for the day of vengeance when the Russians burst through the passes of the Himalayas and fall like destroying angels on the flying ranks of the British robbers, whose entire rule in India has been one continued career of ruin and desolation.

## LECTURES BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

The famous American novelist, Francis Marion Crawford, whose works have been the delight of many a man and woman at home and abroad, has, after much solicitation, consented to present his lectures to his American friends. He will appear in Chicago at Central Music hall on two occasions, the evening of Nov. 16, when he will take for his subject, "Leo XIII. in the Vatican," and on Nov. 18, when "Early Italian Artists" will be his subject. Mr. Crawford is a Catholic himself, and is intimately acquainted with the Papal household. A short time ago he wrote a series of articles on St. Peter's and the Vatican for the Century Magazine, and he was then given the most unusual facilities for studying life in the Papal palace. His present lecture gives the most intimate portrayal of the Pope that any one has ever been priviled to prepare, a subject of intense interest not only to every Catholic, but to Protestants as well, for it is universally conceded that Leo XIII. is one of the prominent figures in modern history. In fact, it has been said that he is one of the three great men of the present time. His influence for good is felt in every civilized section of the world, and if there is a living man who is able to give a graphic idea of Leo XIII. in the Vatican, Mr. Crawford is surely that man, for he has spent a great deal of time in and about the Vatican, and has had opportunities for studying the Papal life which are offered to few men.

## TAMMANY'S TRIUMPH.

The result of the Greater New York municipal election came out, as most people expected, in favor of the Tammany Democratic ticket, which won by a plurality of 86,000 votes. And so Judge Van Wyck will rule the destinies of the great city for the next four years. Low and Tracey destroyed each other mutually and Henry George, Jr., polled less than 20,000 votes. The entire British press—innocent, angelic combination—is "shocked" at Tammany's triumph, simply because those generous, noble-minded(?) Saxons think it means an Irish victory. Therefore we rejoice—although by no means approving all of its political methods—that Tammany mopped the earth with the opposition in New York. Anything to spite England. Whatever she is against we are for, both from the American and Irish standpoint, and vice versa. We observe that a German paper, published in Berlin, also laments that, because of Tammany's victory, "the Irish are on top." That is where the Irish deserve to be, but we can assure the Berlin editor that a great majority of his New York countrymen voted "the Irish ticket," on which Germany had a fine representation, and so helped to "knock out" the bigots, the blue bellies, the "better-than-thous," the dry-as-dusts, the sham reformers, the ministerial sentimentalists and the humbugs, hypocrites and hog washers in general. Now let Tammany do some real reforming, and heap coals of fire on the heads of its enemies.

## AID THE MINERS.

Rev. Dr. De Paradis, pastor of the Catholic church at Coal City, Ill., is in Chicago on a mission of charity for the relief of the 500 starving families in the coal district surrounding his charge. The condition of the miners, according to Dr. De Paradis, is pitiable in the extreme. They have not been taken back to work and they are literally starving, with imminent danger of having the pangs of cold added to those of hunger. The donations should be sent to Dr. De Paradis at Coal City, who will see that they are well bestowed. No distinction of race or creed will be permitted. All the starving miners and their families will be cared for alike. George E. Brannan, 601, 86 LaSalle street, is the Chicago representative of the movement, and he is prepared to give all the information needed by persons who desire to aid the miners. The appeal is made for any kind of food, old clothing or money.

## MR. WILLIAM O'CONNELL.

We deeply regret to announce the sudden death, at Buffalo, his old home, of Mr. William O'Connell, a prominent Chicago man, and well known in social and political circles. A full notice of his demise and obsequies will appear in next week's issue of THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

IF General Miles has suggested receptacles for cannon at the new Postoffice and Custom House, which it is difficult for us to believe, he must have been inoculated with "royal and imperial" notions, while traveling in Europe at the American people's expense. The General comes from the common people of this country—the peasantry of Massachusetts—and ought to have a fellow feeling for his kind. Cannon at the Postoffice could be used only against the people. On the lake front, protecting the harbor, they would be all right. If General Miles has made the suggestion attributed to him "in dead earnest," he is a fit subject for the investigation of a retiring board.

LONDON papers call attention to the significant fact that few Irish regiments are engaged against "the rebels" on the Afghan frontier. Maybe that is the reason why the English have run away so often from the Afridis?

THE report that the Royal Irish regiment "sulked" recently in India lacks confirmation. If it did, it wasn't about fighting. Unfortunately, it has helped, during its long career, to win too many British victories.

WE observe a statement in the Irish Standard of Minneapolis, copied from a Fairbault, Minn., paper to the effect that Philip H. Sheridan, Jr., celebrated his first mass in Washington, D. C., a few Sundays ago. "Young Phil" is, like his father and mother, a Catholic "all right," but we were not previously aware that West Point is an ecclesiastical seminary. "Young Phil" knows much more about missiles than missals, as Uncle Sam's enemies will find out some day to their cost.

# FROM IRELAND DIRECT.

### DUBLIN AND COUNTY.

Dr. Joly, F. R. S., Assistant Lecturer in Physics, Trinity college, well known for his original research in physics and kindred subjects—inventor of color photography—has been appointed to the chair of Geology in Dublin university, left vacant by Dr. Sollas, who was appointed Professor of Geology in Cambridge.

It is stated that several members of the Royal Irish Constabulary depot are at present under treatment in Steven's Hospital for typhoid fever, the result probably of the defective condition of the sanitary arrangements at the depot in Phœnix Park. This state of things calls for a full inquiry and immediate reform of the bad system of sewage.

A highly successful trial trip was made recently by the contractors over the electrically-equipped section of the Clontarf tramways, and proved very satisfactory from an engineering point of view.

### COUNTY KILDARE.

Following the example of Maynooth and Castleknock, Clongowes college has decided to establish a Union. A provisional committee has been appointed, and the general meeting of the Union will take place in June next. Meantime it has been arranged to have the inaugural dinner, which will take place in Dublin on Tuesday, Nov. 16.

At a meeting of the Newbridge Town Commissioners an amusing episode was related by the clerk, Mr. T. Hayes. It seems that a committee of the Rathangan Drainage Board, consisting of Messrs. Odlum, J.P., Bury, J.P., and D. Neile, J.P., held their meeting in the courthouse. After they had done the town clerk asked Mr. Bury if he was paying for the use of the room, and that gentleman said no, he claimed it as a right, being a magistrate. After he had mastered his surprise the clerk replied to the effect that although Mr. Bury and his friends might use the room in their magisterial capacity they could not do so for commercial purposes. The magistrate evidently waxed wrath, for his only answer was to threaten to take the courthouse from the commissioners altogether! The commissioners decided to cross swords with the magistrates, and a suggestion of the clerk's to refuse the key when it is next asked for was adopted, Mr. Kearns, T.C., remarking, "It is one thing to say he will take it and another to ask for it and get it." It was mentioned that payment had been previously made by the Rathangan committee for the use of the room. The issue will be watched with interest.

### KING'S COUNTY.

Another case of death from weakness and exposure was investigated on the Slievebloom Mountains. The victim was an elderly, unknown man, apparently a tramp. His body was found on the Mountrath side of the mountain. The first case is still a mystery. The body was that of a man of the farming class, and was comfortably dressed. It was discovered near Kinnetty, and has not been identified. In both instances the coroner's jury found verdicts of death from exposure.

At a meeting of the Birr Town Commissioners on the 18th ult., a communication was received from the Lord Chancellor pointing out that the office of town magistrate was coterminous with that of town commissioner. Mr. James Browne, who had held the office for three years, contended he had not ceased to hold it as he had been re-elected town commissioner the day after his term of office expired. After a discussion the names of Mr. Browne and two others were selected to be submitted to the Lord Chancellor.

### QUEEN'S COUNTY.

A correspondent writes that the Douglas River has overflowed its banks and caused serious damage to neighboring land. The high road between Mageney and Killabin was covered with water to a depth of about three feet. Some four families of laborers have been driven from their homes.

### COUNTY KILKENNY.

Patrick Doyle, The Rower, county Kilkenny, was brought before Mr. Jas. Hutchinson, J.P., charged with having, on the night of Oct. 10, caused the death of his infant child, aged four months. A deposition made by Sergt. Shannon, The Rower, was read, in which deponent stated that he expected to be able to produce evidence connecting Doyle with the death of his child, and praying for a further remand. Doyle was further remanded.

### COUNTY LIMERICK.

At the Limerick City Petty Sessions four men were proceeded against under the Prevention of Crimes (Ireland) act for attacking and assaulting two police constables on the night of the 25th ult., one constable's nose being fractured by a blow of a stone. The police arrested one John Ryan for being drunk and disorderly, but they were attacked by a number of people and pelted with stones, Ryan having to be temporarily set free in the circumstances. Subsequently he, with the others, was arrested and renewed his attack when put in the dock. Two of the accused were sentenced to six months' and two to fifteen months' imprisonment.

### COUNTY CORK.

The magisterial investigation into the Skibbereen tragedy was resumed at Skibbereen on the 23d ult., before Mr. Horne, R.M., and concluded, when the prisoner, Daniel Collins, a respectable farmer, of some 40 years, was returned for trial to the Munster winter assizes, bail being refused.

A Skibbereen correspondent writes that an official from the Congested Districts Board is at present engaged in some investigations regarding reports that have been appearing in the press for some time back and the representations sent forward from the public boards on the state of the harvest.

### COUNTY GALWAY.

Four men were arrested recently at Murreen, near Ballinasloe, on a charge of moonlighting and threatening to murder an old woman who holds an evicted farm. The accused were remanded.

On the 19th ult., at the Petty Sessions, Ballinasloe, John Carley, James Maguire and Robert Campbell were put forward charged with picking pockets at the Ballinasloe Fair. Some horse dealers deposed to having been robbed of sums amounting in all to about £40. They had been in the prisoners' company, and a £10 Bank of England note, found on one of the accused, was identified by Mr. Boyle, horse dealer. The prisoners were sent for trial to the next assizes.

### COUNTY ANTRIM.

Maj. S. K. Cowan, M.A., has been discharged from Belfast jail, two friends having paid the fine of 10s. It will be remembered that the major's conviction was the result of his refusing to pay a fine inflicted for having cycled on a side path.

### COUNTY TIPPERARY.

The body of an elderly man was discovered in a stream under Heywood railway bridge, near Clonmel, week before last. There were frightful gashes in the throat, and a large stone rested on the back between the shoulders. The man was identified as Thomas Cantwell, formerly head hospital attendant in Clonmel Asylum, who had retired on pension. He bore an excellent character for sobriety. The supposed cause of his tragic death was domestic trouble.

### COUNTY LOUTH.

A farmer named John Martin was found dead recently, suspended by a rope from a tree in a plantation at Martinstown, about eleven miles from Drogheda. No cause can be assigned for the act. Deceased was formerly steward to Sir Allan Bellingham.

### COUNTY LONGFORD.

At a meeting of the Longford Guardians on the 23d ult., the Local Government Board wrote a short letter addressed to the chairman. They removed the suspension by the guardians of Dr. Cochrane, workhouse medical officer. It will be remembered that the guardians alleged that Dr. Cochrane had used wilfully insulting language in a report addressed to them in regard to a deserted child.

### COUNTY TYRONE.

At a meeting of the Omagh Guardians on Oct. 23, Col. L. M. Buchanan, O.B., presiding, Mr. George Murnaghan, M. P., drew attention to the letter of the Rt.-Rev. Monsignor McNamee, P.P., as to the disgraceful condition of Drumragh graveyard. The Catholics of Drumragh parish had no place to bury their dead. Every effort had been made to secure a suitable burying-ground, and as a last resort the guardians were asked to put in force the compulsory power vested in them for the purpose. The Board resolved to ask the committee appointed to look after the matter, to report without further delay.

### COUNTY WEXFORD,

On Oct. 18 Dr. D. G. Murphy, coroner for North Wexford, held an inquest into the circumstances connected with the death of Thomas Dunne, a Kildare cattle dealer, who expired in the lockup at Newtownbarry police barrack. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased, while under the influence of drink, fell into a trench, locally known as the wall. A man named Kelly notified the police, and they carried Dunne to the barrack, where he expired two hours afterwards despite all efforts to restore him. Dr. Lawler deposed that the deceased died from apoplexy, and a verdict in accordance with that opinion was returned by the jury. The body of the unfortunate man was identified by his wife, Mrs. Bridget Dunne.

### COUNTY KERRY.

Owing to the heavy rainfall in East Kerry a portion of the town of Cahirciveen was submerged, the water rising to a depth of four feet in the houses. Much damage was done to crops, and some fishermen's boats were washed away from their moorings.

### COUNTY WESTMEATH.

A tinsmith named John McDonough was arraigned at Mullingar Quarter Sessions on the 23d ult. on the charge of having stolen 5s from Patrick Glynn, in Athlone, on Sept. 24 last, and pleaded guilty to the indictment. Judge Curran, in sentencing him to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor, said the prisoner, who was 29 years of age, had spent nearly his whole life in prison. He was only after returning from a lengthened period of penal servitude. The penalty which he was inflicting was a mitigated one, because he pleaded guilty, and because he (Judge Curran) did not approve of the method by which the man was trapped into committing the crime.

### COUNTY DOWN.

At Saintfield Petty Sessions, on Oct. 19, Richard Hewitt, an engine driver, employed at Drumalig, near Saintfield, in connection with the new waterworks for Belfast, was charged by District Inspector Feely with causing the death of Joseph Vallelly. The facts for the prosecution were that the deceased had, through the carelessness of the accused in the management of the cage, been precipitated down an eighty-seven-foot shaft, whereby he was immediately killed. The accused was sent forward to the winter assizes for trial.

* * *

## Holy Angels' Court, W. C. O. F.

An open meeting of Holy Angels' Court of the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters was held in the assembly hall of the Holy Angels' church Wednesday evening and was largely attended. Rev. Father D. A. Tighe delivered the opening address. Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, High Chief Ranger, spoke on the merits of the order. There were recitations by the Misses McDonald, Henry and Sullivan, and vocal and instrumental selections by Mrs. J. R. O'Callaghan, Miss Anna Evans, Miss Mary E. Boyle, Mrs. Rogan, Miss Sullivan, Miss Rose Doorley, Miss Nora K. McGrath and Mr. Joe Lumpf. Refreshments were served at the close of the entertainment.

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**MISS MAUD GONNE**, The Irish "Joan of Arc,"
Will Address the Gathering.

**JAMES F. EGAN**, Representing the Amnesty Association of Ireland, Will also Address the Meeting.

**MISS BESSIE O'BRIEN**, Graduate from Madame Marchesi's School of Vocal Music, Paris, Will Sing.

The rest of the Programme will be announced Next Week.

Reserved Seats can be secured only at the Box Office on Nov. 20, 22 and 23. Scale of Prices: Entire Lower Floor, $1.00; First Balcony, 75c; Second Balcony, 50c. Boxes: Lower Floor, $10.00; First Balcony, $7.00.

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# MANY INTOXICANTS.

## MR. JOHNSON, WHO TRAVELS, FREELY DISCUSSES THE SUBJECT.

### He Occasionally Indulges In Hasheesh Himself—How an Opium Habitue Was Cured—Etheric as a Substitute For Alcoholic Exhilaration.

Johnson "travels for" a New York state wine and brandy producing firm and is a veritable mine of information concerning wines and spirits, alcohol percentages, bouquets, methods and processes of refining and "aging" wines, and besides is a connoisseur of no mean quality in everything drinkable. No one ever saw him drink more of any alcoholic liquor than the half dozen drops he sips before passing a wonderfully near infallible verdict on a sample. Nevertheless Johnson remarked one day to a friend that he took an occasional spree. "Not an alcoholic drunk," he explained, "but a hasheesh vision."

"Hasheesh!" exclaimed the other. "Why, I've always regarded that as more dreadful than spirits."

"Perhaps it is," replied Johnson. "I don't advise any one to use it. But in parts of Europe and in all oriental countries many persons use hasheesh as I do. The effect of the drug taken in the larger quantity is to stimulate the imagination. It seems to release the soul from the body's bonds. Fatigue, depression, mental weariness, business cares, all harassments, in fact, are thrown off, and the mind revels in an abnormal and pleasurable superactivity. I never experienced any unpleasant reaction.

"Persons of different temperaments are affected in different ways. I knew a man who 'wanted to try' a dose of hasheesh with me. He had a most unpleasant time of it. He said that his mental sufferings were indescribable, fear, or rather apprehension, of something mysterious and more grewsome than all the ghost stories ever told rolled into one awful horror oppressing him throughout the short time that he was under the spell of the hemp. He never will try it again, for which I am glad, for he might get into the habit of it.

Johnson's business takes him among pharmacists a good deal, and by way of adding to his disclaimer of being a hasheesh slave he remarked that every druggist has among his customers one or more opium "fiends" who do not feel the bondage of the drug, although they are enslaved. "I saw a clerk making 100 small powders of morphine one day," said Johnson, "and I asked him why he was putting up so many. The clerk replied that he put up that number every Thursday for a certain lady on renewal of a physician's prescription. The physician had authorized the renewal, and the patient had been taking the morphia for several years in the same quantity. The habit probably grew out of the drug having been prescribed originally for the relief of some obstinate pain. The patient only knew that the powders kept her pain away.

"This same drug clerk also told of the successful cure of a sufferer from the opium habit, another lady who realized her situation and longed to be free. She went to live at her physician's house. She had been drinking so much laudanum a day. The doctor began by allowing her the equivalent in morphine in capsules, taken at the hours at which she had been accustomed to take the liquid. He kept her on a nourishing and stimulating diet and very gradually, without the patient's knowledge, reduced the size of the doses of morphia.

"After a time he substituted for one of the morphine capsules daily one of the same appearance, filled with cinchonidia, an alkaloid of Peruvian bark like quinine, but weaker. The patient did not feel the difference. Another cinchonidia capsule was substituted daily after another week or two, and so on, until after some months the habitue was taking nothing but cinchonidia one day, with, perhaps, two morphine doses the next. As gradually as before these were eliminated, and the patient was told one day that she had had no morphia for a month. She was surprised and incredulous, but she at last realized that she was cured. I don't know that every one could be freed from the opium habit in that manner.

"The druggist's clerk told me of a fellow employee of his who had a passion for ether. He had found him several times asleep or dozing in a heap of excelsior packing in the cellar, and at last discovered that the young man had been stealing ether. He would saturate a sponge, put it into a pasteboard cone, hold it over his nose, and thus anesthetize himself. You know that the sensation of passing under the influence of ether is very pleasant. It is akin to the exhilaration of alcohol. The patient about to be operated upon is in a state of high spirits, no matter how great his anxieties may be, as soon as the ether has begun to intoxicate him.

"But in one part of Ireland, where the making of 'potheen' has been squelched by the excise, the simple natives have taken to using ether—a product not expensively purified like that used by surgeons. Only instead of inhaling it they drink it. It induces extreme exhilaration, then sleep, and the drunkard awakes with a headache, a sick stomach and an unpleasant, sweet taste in the mouth, just as the surgeon's patient does. The ether drinking makes a man noisy and quarrelsome and reckless while its exhilarating effect lasts, and is in other ways far worse than whisky. A man may be drunk and sober again in 15 minutes. The local clergy are very bitter against the excisemen for driving out the comparatively harmless 'potheen.'"—New York Mail and Express.

### A Failure.

New Servant—I found this coin upon your desk, sir.

Master—I'm glad you are honest. I put it there purposely to test your honesty.

New Servant—That's what I thought.—Pick Me Up.

# THE NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

### His Official Station and Duties In Time of Battle.

The chaplain's official station in most ship ceremonies and in time of battle is at the sick bay, where lie the sick. Discipline and fresh air are wonderful preservatives of health, and a chaplain's duties to the sick in times of peace are very light. At naval hospitals, however, whither are brought from the ships the very sick and the seriously wounded, a chaplain finds ample field for the exercise of that tender sympathy which wins souls to God and for the ministering of the consolations of religion. It is also the duty of the chaplain to assist at naval burials. The regulations require that Christian burial be provided for all men who die in the service. If possible, the body is interred with the rites of the church to which the deceased had belonged. When this sad duty is required at sea, the ship is hove to, the flag displayed at half mast and the officers and men are mustered on deck to pay their last tribute to the departed.

The funeral services follow, and the body is then consigned to the deep. A guard of honor fires three volleys over the watery grave and the bugler sounds the last "taps"—sad, mournful notes of the bugle which tell of the hour of sleep. If the death occur at a hospital, an escort and a guard of honor from the ship to which the deceased had been attached accompany the funeral cortege to the grave. As the procession enters the cemetery the bugler precedes, followed by the chaplain. This spectacle is always impressive. It naturally suggests the prayer that angels, led by the angel guardian, may bear the soul of the deceased before the throne of God as friends bear the body to the grave; that the angel at the judgment seat may proclaim welcome, joy and gladness as the bugler at the grave recalls loss, sadness and regret.—Donahoe's Magazine.

# SLATE PENCILS.

### What They Are Composed of and How They Are Made.

Slate pencils undergo a number of processes before they are ready for use, and in making them nearly all of the manual labor is done by boys. First broken pieces of slate are put into a mortar run by steam and are crushed to a powder, which is then bolted in a machine such as is used in flouring mills. A fine slate flour results, which is thoroughly mixed in a large tub with steatite flour and other materials, the whole making a stiff dough. The dough is kneaded by being passed between iron rollers a number of times, and it is then taken to a table, where it is made into short cylinders four or five inches in thickness and containing from eight to ten pounds of material each.

Four of these cylinders are placed in a strong iron resort which has a changeable nozzle so that the size of the pencils may be regulated. In the retort the material is subjected to great hydraulic pressure and is thus pushed through the nozzle in the shape of a long cord. As the cord comes through the nozzle it passes over a knife and is cut into the desired lengths. The lengths are laid on boards to dry and are then placed on sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugation preventing the pencils from warping during the baking process. The baking is done in a kiln into which superheated steam is introduced through pipes.

The pencils go from the kiln to the finishing and packing room, where the ends are held for an instant under a rapidly revolving emery wheel, which neatly points them.

Finally they are packed in pasteboard boxes, 100 pencils in each box, then 100 of the pasteboard boxes are packed in a wooden box, and they are ready for shipment.—Philadelphia Times.

### Some Royal Titles.

The kings and queens of England were not always styled "his" or "her" majesty or after the pattern of that bestowed upon Victoria—"her most gracious majesty." Henry IV was styled "his grace;" Henry VI, "his most excellent grace;" Edward IV, "high and mighty prince;" Henry VII, "his grace and his majesty;" Henry VIII, "his highness" and afterward "his majesty." Subsequently the English kings were styled "his sacred majesty." While on the subject it may not be uninteresting to give the meaning of some royal titles—thus: King means father; kaiser and czar, Cæsar, or autocrat, a contraction of Samoderebets; duke means leader; emperor, commander; hospodar, master of the house; khan, provincial chief; landgrave, land reeve; margrave, border reeve; nizam, ruler; pharaoh, light of the world; shah, protector; sheik, elder; sultan, ruler.

### Longevity of Astronomers.

The longevity enjoyed by astronomers is proverbial, and an astronomical journal gives a long list of them who have far exceeded the threescore years and ten. Among the eminent names are Cassini, who lived to 97; Caroline Herschel to 98, Sir W. Herschel to 84, Newton to 84, Mary Somerville to 92, Halley to 86, Sir George Airey to 90, Sir David Brewster to 86, Sir E. Sabine to 94, Humboldt to 90, Schwabe to 86, Santini to 91, and Fontenelle to 100. Regularity of habit conduces to longevity in any walk of life, and it is a necessity to the astronomer. This, added to the calm pursuit of those who study the heavens, counterbalances the effect of late watchings and exposure to the night air.

### Not Impressed.

"That tenor of ours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"Faugh! I've held one of his notes for two years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The most expensive stamps for collectors are those of Mauritius and Hawaii.

The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye.

# HE DID.

"I'll caddy for you," said Jack at the start
As he stole a shy glance at the maid of his heart.
He picked up the niblick, the brassy and cleek,
She grasped her pet driver, too busy to speak,
Her club, soon she soled it, a hazard within,
And sat on a bunker o'ercome with chagrin.
"How are you?" cried Muggins. "Four down," she replied.
"Never mind," said a whisper. "Will you be my bride?"
'Twas Jack who had spoken. "Why, yes!" answered she.
"I'll marry you, Jack, if you'll caddy for me."
—Harvey Wickham in New York Sun.

# THE CARIBBEAN.

### Captain Mahan on the Strategic Importance of the Land Girt Sea.

Causes superficially very diverse, but essentially the same in that they arose from and still depend upon a lack of local political capacity, have brought the Mediterranean and the Caribbean, in our own time, to similar conditions, regarded as quantities of interest in the sphere of international relations. Whatever the intrinsic value of the two bodies of water, in themselves or in their surroundings, whatever their present contributions to the prosperity or to the culture of mankind, their conspicuous characteristics now are their political and military importance, in the broadest sense, as concerning not only the countries that border them, but the world at large. Both are land girt seas; both are links in a chain of communication between an east and a west. In both the chain is broken by an isthmus. Both are of contracted extent when compared with great oceans, and in consequence of these common features both present in an intensified form the advantages and the limitations, political and military, which condition the influence of sea power.

This conclusion is notably true of the Mediterranean, as is shown by its history. It is even more forcibly true of the Caribbean, partly because the contour of its shores does not, as in the Mediterranean peninsulas, thrust the power of the land so far and so sustainedly into the sea; partly because, from historical antecedents already alluded to, in the character of the first colonists and from the shortness of the time the ground has been in civilized occupation, there does not exist in the Caribbean or in the gulf of Mexico—apart from the United States—any land power at all comparable to those great continental states of Europe whose strength lies in their armies far more than in their navies.

So far as national inclinations, as distinct from the cautious actions of statesman, can be discerned, in the Mediterranean at present the sea powers, Great Britain, France and Italy, are opposed to the land powers, Germany, Austria and Russia, and the latter dominate action. It cannot be so in any near future in the Caribbean. The Caribbean is preeminently the domain of sea power.—Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., in Harper's Magazine.

### Uncle Nate's Break.

One of our neighbors, Uncle Nate, as we call him, was greatly bothered by a whipporwill that came nearly every night and sat on a rock in his back yard and sang his love song, or whatever it is, until Uncle Nate was nearly wild. One night he lay awake, and, as he said, stood it just as long as he could, when he got up, and, taking down the old gun that was loaded with a fox charge, he went to the back door, and, drawing a bead on the rock, which he could dimly see in the faint starlight, blazed away. Then, in the pleasing consciousness of a good deed well done, he again sought his couch.

In the morning his first care was to reload the old gun, as there was no telling when it would be needed. After this task was finished he started for the back yard to gloat over the mangled remains of his tormentor, but what were his horror and disgust to find that instead of holding on the rock he had completely riddled his wife's best washtub, which was turned bottom up about four feet from the rock.

The disappointment was bad enough, but when Aunt Hannah came out and saw the ruin, Uncle Nate afterward declared, it was worse than the whippoorwill, and he made a break for the barn, his usual haven of refuge in such cases.—Forest and Stream.

### The Decline of Man.

There seems to be some uncertainty as to the size of our great mother. The French orientalist, Henrion, member of the academy, however, fixed it with a precision satisfactory at least to himself. He gives the following table of the relative heights of several eminent historical personages:

Adam was precisely 123 feet 9 inches high.
Eve was precisely 118 feet 9.75 inches high.
Noah was precisely 103 feet high.
Abraham was precisely 27 feet high.
Moses was precisely 13 feet high.
Hercules was precisely 6 feet high.
Alexander was precisely 6 feet high.
Julius Cæsar was precisely 5 feet high.

### Atmospheric Temperature.

The temperature of the atmosphere cools, on an average, about one degree for every 300 feet that we ascend or warms at the same rate as we descend. The mean temperature at the north pole is 0 and at the equator between 80 and 90 degrees. We can, therefore, get into a temperature one degree colder for every 70 or 80 miles that we travel north, and in a temperature one degree warmer for every 70 or 80 miles that we travel south.—Philadelphia Times.

Two ladies driving along the Bathurst (N. S. W.) road recently overtook a small boy trudging wearily along on bare feet. When given a "lift," it was found he had walked from Lawson to the valley (12 miles) to buy a loaf of bread, which was a penny cheaper there. Twenty-four miles to save a penny!

# FORMER DUELS.

### Some of the Famous Affairs of Honor of the Past.

General Benedict Arnold fought a duel near Kilburn Wells in 1791 with Lord Lauderdale, who, after Arnold missed him, refused either to fire or to apologize, saying that if the general was not satisfied he could keep on firing until he was. In 1804 the turbulent Lord Camelford, the symmetrical arrangement of whose whips and sticks over his chimneypiece is described by Byron, "From the thick bludgeon to the taper switch," lost his life in a duel he owed to a vengeance de femme. Captain Best had caught a sharper named Symonds in the act of cheating and kicked his face to a pulp. The man's wife wrote Camelford an anonymous letter to tell him his friend Best had slandered him. A duel was fought with pistols (they were the two best shots in England), and Camelford fell with a mortal wound. "You have killed me, Best," said the dying man, "but the fault is wholly mine. I relieve you of all the blame." But men of mature years and established reputation risked life as recklessly as the wildest young guardsmen or London rakes.

Charles James Fox fought a duel with a cabinet minister, Mr. Adam, in 1779. Four shots were exchanged. Adam missed, Fox fired in the air and apologized. "Sir," said Adam, "you have behaved like a man of honor." In India, toward the end of the last century, a duel was fought between Warren Hastings and Sir Philip Francis, the latter being dangerously wounded. Shortly afterward, in Bombay, Lord Macartney and Mr. Sadler quarreled at the council board, and in the duel Macartney received a dangerous wound. The Earl of Talbot and John Wilkes, fighting a duel at night in the garden of the Red Lion inn, at Bagshot, and discussing the conditions of it beforehand in a private room over a chop, is a tableau de mœurs.

George Canning was seriously wounded when he and Castlereagh met at Putney in 1807 to exchange four shots. In the duel between Henry Grattan and Mr. Corry a bullet shattered the latter's arm. As late as 1835 Mr. Roebuck fought a duel with Mr. Black of The Morning Chronicle, when two shots were exchanged without result. The fighting parson was then as well known as the fighting editor. The Rev. Henry Bate, editor of The Morning Post, was both. A dead shot, and with what his contemporaries call "a profligate tongue," he was most successful as a duelist. He "pinked" "Fighting Fitzgerald," a Mr. Temple, a young barrister who was his assistant editor, and several others, but met his match at last in Captain Stoney Robinson, who gave him a severe wound, but whom he also wounded.—Cornhill Magazine.

### The Number Thirteen.

The superstition that 13 is unlucky, which is traced back to a sacred source, meets with as many contradictions as confirmations. The fact that the horrible fire in the Paris bazaar started at booth 13 was telegraphed all around the world, whereas little notice is attracted by Nansen's success with 13 men. At one time 2 was a dreaded number in England, owing to the dynastic disasters to all monarchs second of their name from Ethelred II to George II. Yet Napoleon's number through all his life was 2, and who could wish for better luck than came to Goody Two Shoes or than that which results at times from having two strings to your bow?

Three, which since the days of Pythagoras has been the divine number, shows that it is not invariably fortunate, for, though the fates are three, so also are the furies. The graces are three, but so also are the judges in hades and the heads of Cerberus. Then there are the records of three disloyal tribes in Welsh history; there are the three robbers in Orion's belt; there were the three tyrants at Athens, and 3 in mythology is as unlucky as it is divine. Just so clearly as it has been shown in time that the unlucky 2 can be lucky and that the pleasant 3 can be unpleasant the followers of the late Captain Fowler would show that the unlucky 13 can be the luckiest number there is. So we may as well regret his departure, while we wish success to his associates.—Boston Journal.

### His Authority.

Daniel Webster's oratory was not always of the ponderous order. Occasionally he would introduce a bit of humor very effectively, an instance of which The Green Bag gives as follows:

Daniel Webster when in full practice was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins of Hopkinton. A physician made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed the will. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing by quoting medical authorities that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax and others still affirm that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great dignity. "The moment we begin to live we all begin to die."

### Religion Versus Politics.

Clerk—Man wants transportation to Chicago.

Railroad Official—Confounded clergyman, I suppose. Well, I hate to do it, but you may sell him a ticket at half fare.

Clerk (a minute later)—Man says he's not a clergyman. He's a member of the legislature.

Railroad Official—Ah! Tell him we take pleasure in handing him a free pass.—Brooklyn Life.

### Smaller, but More Active.

The tongue of woman is smaller than that of man.—Exchange.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
10c 25c 50c
ALL DRUGGISTS

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# ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST.

### A Specimen of the Letters Sent to the London Times.

The following letter to the London Times tells a rather interesting experience and is a good illustration of the way Englishmen write to that paper about all sorts of topics:

To the Editor of The Times:

SIR—A curious parallel to your correspondent Mr. Wicks' exorcism of the ghost that haunted the house at Esher occurred some few years ago in an old Oxfordshire mansion, of which friends of my own had recently become possessed. Soon after the new owner's arrival the grewsome discovery was made that on the upper floor, containing the servants' apartments and the children's nurseries, there was a chamber which had long been known as haunted and in which no one could ever be induced to sleep. By daylight it was a pleasant, sunny room, but to be in it at night, so every occupant declared, was enough to chill the very marrow in one's bones. No sooner was the house all quiet, doors and windows shut and midnight near chiming from the church tower, then strange sounds, heard nowhere else, began to fill the haunted room. Weird music broke the silence, now sweet and soft and lovely as a dream, then swelling into wild confusion, then dying away in long drawn moans of infinite distress. Nothing was ever seen, but there was no delusion as to the sounds. It was no use putting a new servant, ignorant of the facts, to sleep there. Midnight was sure to make the secret known. Those moans, as of a soul in pain, so it was steadily affirmed, proceeded from no human visitant. The room was haunted and it was not to be expected that any one would sleep in company with a ghost.

My friend, the mistress of the house, was a woman of great nerve and common sense. She needed the room for household use and she resolved to lay the ghost. Accordingly she had it made ready for occupation and after a careful examination of everything in the apartment prepared to spend the night in it herself. The tales were quite true. Toward midnight, when all was still, the ghostly music began to quiver through the silence, sweet and wild and exquisitely sad. My friend listened, not quite guiltless perhaps of tremors. Then she rose and examined the room carefully afresh. Presently it struck her that the sounds proceeded from one corner of the floor. She lifted the rug, put her ear down and found it to be the case. She had located the ghost, if it was not laid. Next morning a carpenter was sent for, the boards were taken up and immediately beneath there was revealed a perfect plexus of bell wires, which had been conducted by this route to the different parts of the house. When doors and windows were all closed and everything still at night, the wind, finding its way by what channel it could, turned this labyrinth of wires into an æolian harp, whence issued the mysterious sounds by which successive households had been scared. The wires were adjusted, the chinks and crannies closed up, the ghost was laid and the haunted room has been comfortably occupied ever since.

### The Magnet In Surgery.

The following remarkable account of the extraction of a needle from the body by means of a magnet is given by Cosmos:

"A young laundress thrust a broken needle into her right hand while washing clothes. The needle having disappeared in the flesh, the surgeon who was consulted several days after the accident refused to perform an operation, fearing lest he should be obliged to make a large number of incisions among the ligaments of the articulation. Two months afterward the girl lost the use of her right hand, and the least movement of the fingers caused her exquisite pain. Drs. Gorinewski and Cerestin then determined to extract the needle with the aid of a magnet, drawing it into a fleshy region where an incision could be made without danger. To cause this movement they chose a very feeble electro magnet, but a difficulty arose. The needle having entered point first, it would have to be drawn out backward, the broken part in advance.

"The first trial lasted two hours, with short intervals of rest, without appreciable results. Before the third trial the girl said that she felt a pricking in the palm of the hand near the place where the magnet had been applied and where the needle ought to appear. At the ninth sitting finally the needle appeared beneath the skin and came out whole, broken end first, without pain and without loss of blood. It fixed itself to the pole of the electro magnet, and the young laundress was cured. This result—the drawing of a needle through the flesh—is very remarkable. In 20 hours after the first trial this needle was extracted from the inside of the hand, after lying there more than two months."—Translation For Literary Digest.

### Leipsic.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, in an article in the New York Independent on "Plain Life and High Thought" as exemplified at Leipsic university, says:

Leipsic is one of the great flower marts of Europe. It is a joysome sight to go through the early morning market and see the flowers of all kinds in masses beyond conception. There is no student so poor that he cannot add to the beauty of his room the charm of a flower when for 2 cents he can have a big bunch of mignonette. This very morning the expenditure of 24 cents gave one literally an armful of mignonette, large and fragrant; forgetmenots, bluer than the sky of rather gray Leipsic; great golden buttercups like those that grow on the upland meadows of the Rigi; kornblumen, the old emperor's favorite flower, and lilies of the valley in profusion. Plain living, amid flowers, with music, nature and friendship at command, may easily lead to high thinking, and the student who is here to strive for acquirement of truth may well scorn the trappings of wealth, since wealth is not needed to command the highest and best.

### On the High C's.

Ellen Beach Yaw, the phenomenal soprano, went on a yachting cruise recently in southern California. The waves grew high, and she soon took to her berth. One of her friends, going to inquire how she was progressing, heard her humming a lullaby in a most peculiar tone of voice. Her maid came to the door and explained that Miss Yaw was sick. "But she is singing," the visitor exclaimed. "Yes, I know," answered the maid, "but Miss Yaw moans in tune that way so it won't disturb any one else."—Kansas City Journal.

The omnibuses of one London company cover just about 20,000,000 miles in the course of a year—half as much as is covered by the trains of the London and Northwestern railway—a distance sufficient to take them nearly three times around the world every day.

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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

## HER ACCOUNT DOCTORED.

### This Girl Kept an Expense Book and Lost a Husband.

There is a North Side girl who has a laudable ambition to know just where her money goes. She has tried two or three times to keep mental track of her expenditures, but this always proved unsatisfactory. At last she decided that she must keep an exact and minute account of everything she spent. She got herself a small book with rulings and margins and a pliable cover and set to work in earnest. She put down religiously everything she spent, the exact amount, the article and the date. She never allowed the slightest matter to go till there was a chance of her forgetting it. When she made any purchases down town, she went over the list carefully in the car on her way home and put the amounts on the outside of a package. In this way she succeeded in keeping a very satisfactory record of her expenditures.

There was only one drawback. She was forever leaving the book around. Of course there are a great many people who are only too glad to read such things. The servant would see it. The man who came to tune the piano might easily have done it if he liked, and she did not know whether he had or not. A neighbor had once picked it up on the lawn in front of the house and brought it in, but what was worse than all the rest was the fact that a couple of girl friends perused it one day. There were some things which she had talked a good deal about that she got for downright bargains. In fact, after this catastrophe everything on her record seemed to be shamefully cheap. However, she was unwilling to give up the bookkeeping, and if she didn't carry a notebook around with her she would certainly forget something, so she bethought herself of another expedient. She determined for the purpose of mystification to multiply everything she put down by ten—that is, to add a cipher to each entry. In this way she could always tell that every item really cost one-tenth of what appeared on the book. After this she didn't care who saw it.

There is a lot at the side of her father's house and a rustic seat. One day she left the book on this seat. In the evening the young man who had about concluded to ask her hand in marriage came along. He noticed the book, picked it up and looked through it carelessly. He was amazed. She had always claimed to be such a prudent girl, and he had believed she was. Still there he saw:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Candy............ | $3 00 | Soda water...... | $2 00 |
| Gloves............ | 11 00 | Fan.................. | 22 00 |
| Flowers........... | 4 00 | Hatpin............ | 7 00 |
| Car fare........... | 1 00 | Novels............ | 12 00 |
| Gum................ | 50 | Photographs..... | 15 00 |

He was getting a fairly good salary, but he felt wholly unequal to the task of supporting a girl with tastes like that. In order to put himself out of any possibility of such a thing he married soon afterward a girl on the West Side who never kept any accounts.—Chicago Tribune.

### Worked the Officers.

A sailmaker's mate in the navy who wanted to get out of the service to go into business with some money he had fallen heir to made a success of the monomania dodge. It is the business of a man-of-war sailmaker's mate to sew up members of the crew who die at sea in hammocks preparatory to their being cast over the side. This sailmaker's mate appeared on deck one day with a queer look in his eye and announced to his shipmates forward that he was dead and that he was going to prepare himself for burial in the deep. Some of the men watched him as he went to the sailmaker's storeroom and began to sew himself up in a new hammock. When he had got the job about half finished, the men informed the officer of the deck of the case, and the sailmaker's mate was put under observation in double irons. When he was released from the brig, still under observation, but apparently not aware of the espionage, he went direct to the storeroom, got another hammock and began to enshroud himself again. The skipper of the ship reduced him to the rate of seaman for this, for the purpose of keeping the man away from the sailmaker's storeroom, thinking that if he was removed from the sight of the stored up hammocks his mania might leave him. The night of the day he lost his rate the ex-sailmaker's mate broke into the storeroom where the new hammocks were kept and sewed himself up for burial again. Then the fleet surgeons held a survey on him, and he got his discharge. He started a tobacco store for sailors near one of the navy yards, and for some time he made it a practice to stand in the doorway of his shop and grin when any of the board of surgeons who had pronounced him insane passed by, as they were compelled to do on their way to and from the navy yard.—New York Sun.

### A Bee Was Kept.

A girl from town is staying with some country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds, to her mortification, that she is ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of everyday knowledge. She fancies they seem amused at her ignorance.

At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of fine honey, whereupon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before and of showing her country cousins that she knows something of country life after all. So, looking at the dish of honey, she says carelessly:

"Ah, I see you keep a bee."—Pearson's Weekly.

### Doesn't Know It All.

"What do you study at school, my little man?"

"I am studying the history of France, sir."

"Indeed. What can you tell me about Charlemagne?"

"Oh, sir, we have only got as far as Adam and Eve."—Polichinelle.

# Society Directory

## ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

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State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1288 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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#### DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.

Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.

Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.

Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.

Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.

Meets First and Third Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.

Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.

Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.

Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.

Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.

Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.

Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.

Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.

Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

#### DIVISION 4.

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Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.

Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.

Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.

Treasurer, Robert Dore.

Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

#### DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.

Vice-President, William Martin.

Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.

Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.

Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.

Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, John Doody.

Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.

Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.

Treasurer, M F. Fanning.

Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4841 S. Halsted st., at 3 p. m.

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Vice-President, Patrick Behan.

Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2708 Hickory st.

Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.

Treasurer, Mark Hardin.

Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

#### DIVISION 8.

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Vice-President, Owen Devaney.

Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearborn av.

Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.

Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.

Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

#### DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9236 Commercial av.

Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.

Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.

Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.

Treasurer, Owen Ahern.

Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

#### DIVISION 10.

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Vice-President, James Small.

Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.

Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.

Treasurer, William Webb.

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Vice-President. John F. Walsh.

Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.

Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.

Treasurer, M. J. Connery.

Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Bowe's hall, Erie and Noble sts., at 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.

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Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4236 Indiana av.

Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.

Meets First and Third Mondays at S.W. corner Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., 8 p.m.

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Vice-President, P. F. Conway.

Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.

Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.

Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.

Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.

Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 80 Canalport av.

Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 435 LaSalle st.

Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.

Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

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Vice-President, John Kane.

Recording Secretary, Michael Sullivan, 5748 Sherman st.

Financial Secretary, Thomas Cunnea, 593 Twenty-seventh st.

Treasurer, Michael Duffy.

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Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 3319 Aldine place.

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Treasurer, William O'Shea.

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#### DIVISION 17.

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Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.

Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.

Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

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Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.

Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.

Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.

Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.

Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.

Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.

Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 2831 LaSalle st.

Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.

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Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.

Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.

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Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.

Treasurer, James Noonan.

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Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.

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Treasurer, Patrick Grace.

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Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.

Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.

Treasurer, Patrick Close.

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Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.

Recording Secretary, Thomas Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.

Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.

Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.

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Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.

Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.

Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.

Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.

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Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.

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Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.

Treasurer, John Larney.

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Vice-President, John Flanagan.

Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.

Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 14[illegible] Lytle st.

Treasurer, William Ryan.

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Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.

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Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.

Treasurer, Charles Corkery.

Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

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Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.

Financial Secretary, John Conlin.

Treasurer, C. Duffy.

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Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.

Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.

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Financial Secretary, John Foley.

Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.

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Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.

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Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 2836 Emerald av.

Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.

Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.

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Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.

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Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 32[illegible] Fifty-fifth st.

Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.

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Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.

Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.

Treasurer, John R. McNamara.

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### Facing the Music.

The spirit of this simile is used by John Bunyan in the meditation "Of the Horse and Drum," in his "Book For Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes For Children," published in 1686. Of the genuine Christian he says, inter alia:

Let drummers beat the charge or what they will,
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### Office of the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago Hard Copper Company, held at 910 Ashland Block, Chicago, on the 12th day of September, 1896, it was decided, by a unanimous vote, to change the name of said corporation to the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company and to enlarge the object of said corporation, and that the certificates of such change have been filed in the office of the Secretary of State and in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in the County of Cook, as provided by law.

Oct. 25, 1897.

P. L. McKINNIE, President.
JOHN MOFFITT, Secretary.

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JULIA ENRIGHT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Julia Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 22, 1897.

JOHN S. ENRIGHT,
CATHERINE CASEY,
MICHAEL E. ENRIGHT,
Executors.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executors.

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